

THE ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING & DRAMATIC  
NEWS

No. 270.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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By Post 6<sup>d</sup>.



LADY-CELEBRITIES OF THE HUNTING FIELD.—No. 5. MISS CUYLER.



RAILWAYS.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

NORTHAMPTON SPRING RACES, APRIL 1st & 2nd.

The London and North-Western Company's principal Express and Fast Trains, between London and Northampton, run as follows:—

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	noon	p.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) dep.	5.15	7.30	9.0	10.10	11.0	12.10	3.0
Northampton arr.	6.55	9.15	11.0	12.0	1.15	2.10	4.55
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Northampton dep.	8.40	10.40	1.15	3.30	3.50	5.15	5.55
London (Euston) arr.	10.30	12.30	3.15	5.30	5.50	7.10	7.40

\* Special Express, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 1st and 2nd.  
On each of the Race Days A CHEAP EXCURSION will leave Euston Station at 9.15 a.m., Broad-street 8.40 a.m., Kensington 9.9 a.m., and Victoria at 8.55 a.m., for Northampton, returning therefrom each evening at 5.55 p.m., arriving in London at 7.40 p.m.  
For full particulars, see Time Tables and Special Notices.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office,  
Euston Station, London, March, 1879.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

NORTHAMPTON SPRING RACES.

On each of the Race days (in addition to the arrangements noted above, a SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN, at Ordinary Fares, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class, will leave LONDON, Euston Station, at 10.30 a.m., for NORTHAMPTON, returning from the Bridge-street Station, Northampton, at 6.10 p.m. each evening.  
For full particulars see special bills.

Chief Traffic Managers' Office, Euston Station, March, 1879.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

NORTHAMPTON SPRING RACES, APRIL 1st and 2nd.

On TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, April 1st and 2nd, the Midland Company's Express Fast Trains between London and Northampton, via Bedford, will run as follows:—

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	noon	p.m.	p.m.
London (St. Pancras) dep.	5.15	9.35	10.0	12.0	3.30	5.35
Northampton arr.	9.25	11.25	12.0	2.0	5.30	8.7
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Northampton dep.	8.10	9.50	2.5	4.40	6.0	6.50
London (St. Pancras) arr.	10.30	11.50	4.15	6.45	7.55	8.55

On the same days a Fast Excursion Train for Northampton will leave VICTORIA (L.C.&D.) at 8.33, Moorgate-street 9.22, Aldersgate-street 9.24, Farringdon-street 9.23, King's Cross (Met.) 9.30, Camden-road 9.35, St. Pancras 9.35, and Kentish Town 9.40 a.m., returning from NORTHAMPTON at 6.0 p.m. each day.  
For further particulars see bills.

Derby, March, 1879.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

WARWICK RACES, APRIL 3rd and 4th.

ORDINARY TRAINS leave Paddington for LEAMINGTON and WARWICK at 5.30, 7.0 and 10.0 a.m., and 12.50, 3.30, 5.0 and 6.30 p.m., and return at frequent intervals daily.

On THURSDAY, April 3rd, a SPECIAL TRAIN for WARWICK will leave Paddington immediately in front of the 10.0 a.m. train calling at Oxford, and Leamington, only reaching Warwick about 12.45 p.m., and will return from Warwick at 5.20, and Leamington at 5.25 p.m. on Friday, April 4th, calling at Oxford, Reading, Slough, and Westbourne Park. See hand-bills.

J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

CROYDON STEEPCHASES, APRIL 3rd and 4th.

SPECIAL TRAINS to WOODSIDE (the nearest station to the course).  
1st and 3rd Class. 1st Class only.

	LEAVING	1st and 3rd Class.	1st Class only.
Charing Cross	at 11.50	12.10	12.30
Waterloo	" 11.52	12.12	12.34
Cannon Street	" 12.0	12.20	12.30
London Bridge	" 12.0	12.5	12.20
New Cross	" 12.7	12.10	12.35

JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

CROYDON RACES.

APRIL 3rd and 4th.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS to NORWOOD JUNCTION STATION for the Course.

VICTORIA—10.15, 11.0, and 11.20 a.m., and 1.25 p.m.  
KENSINGTON—9.30 and 10.55 a.m., and 12.15 p.m.  
LONDON BRIDGE (Brighton Railway)—10.15, 10.50, and 11.15 a.m., and 12.10 and 1.0 p.m., calling at New Cross.  
LIVERPOOL STREET (City)—11.15 a.m. and 12.55 p.m.  
WHITECHAPEL (High Street)—11.20 a.m. and 1.0 p.m., calling at Shadwell, Wapping, and Rotherhithe.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

SOUTH - WESTERN RAILWAY.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE, on SATURDAY, 5th APRIL.

On the above day SPECIAL TRAINS will run at frequent intervals as required, returning after the race.  
FARES between Waterloo, Vauxhall, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, and Putney, Barnes, Chiswick or Mortlake:—Single journey, First Class 2s., Second Class 1s. 6d.; Double Journey, First Class 2s. 6d., Second Class 2s. Between Queen's Road and Clapham Junction and the above-mentioned stations—Single Journey, First Class 1s. 6d., Second Class 1s.; Double Journey, First Class 2s., Second Class 1s. 6d.

NOTE.—The above Single Journey Fares will also be charged from Mortlake, Chiswick, Barnes, and Putney to the stations above-mentioned after the race until 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, 5th April.

GREAT NORTHERN, and MANCHESTER SHEFFIELD and LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAYS.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE, SATURDAY, 5th APRIL.

On SATURDAY, 5th April, 1879, a Cheap Excursion to LONDON (King's Cross) for ONE or THREE DAYS, will run as under:—  
Manchester (London-rd Station) dep. 12.5 a.m., 5 minutes after midnight on Friday; Guide Bridge, 12.18 a.m.; Stalybridge (M.S.&L.), 12.3 a.m.; Ashton (Park Parade), 12.7 a.m.; Dukinfield, 12.10 a.m.; Penistone, 1.0 p.m.  
Returning from London, King's Cross (at option), at 11.45 p.m. on Saturday, 5th April, and at 5.0 p.m. on Monday, 7th April.  
Tickets, Bills, and every information can be had at the Stations and usual Agents.

Ask for Tickets via the Great Northern Route.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE, SATURDAY, APRIL 5th, 1879.

SPECIAL TRAINS at Ordinary Fares will be run from Broad-street, Dalston, Poplar, and Camden Town, to and from Kew Bridge and Hammer-smith (the nearest Stations for Chiswick Mall), calling at intermediate Stations on the North London and Hampstead Junction Lines.

Broad Street Station, March, 1879.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE: DIRECT ROUTE TO INDIA.

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS. First Class Passenger Steamers fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified Surgeons and Stewardsesses carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

TRINACRIA Sailed. Sailed.

ANGLIA Sailed. Sailed.

First Class, 45 Guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel Walks, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

Last nights of Mr. Sothorn previous to his departure for America, who will appear every evening at 8.20 as DAVID GARRICK; and this and next Saturday Mornings, at 2.30, as LORD DUNDURRY. Mr. Sothorn's stay cannot be prolonged after April 5th.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B. WEBSTER.

Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—Every Evening at 8, THE HUNCHBACK. Miss Neilson, Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Harcourt, Flockton, R. Pateman, E. J. George, F. Charles Bernard, and Mr. Henry Neville. Preceded by WHO SPEAKS FIRST.—Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box-office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

LYCEUM.—MR. HENRY IRVING, Sole Lessee and Manager.

Every Evening, at Half-past Seven, Shakespeare's Tragedy of HAMLET. Mr. Irving, Messrs. Forrester, C. Cooper, F. Cooper, Swinbourne, Elwood, Pinero, K. Bellew, Gibson, Tapping, Robinson, Cartwright, Collett, Harwood, Beaumont, Everard, Johnson, A. Andrews, Mead, Miss Pauncefort, Miss Sedley, and Miss Ellen Terry. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday. Acting Manager, Mr. Bram Stoker. Box-office open 10 to 5. Carriages at 11.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.  
Grand Revival (56th night) of Charles Reade's IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded by FAMILY JARS, at 7.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Brilliant Success of the NEW PLAY, By W. S. Gilbert, entitled GRETCHEN, EVERY EVENING until further notice, at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7. Box-office hours 11 to 5. No booking fees. Manager, Mr. Henry Neville. Acting Manager, Mr. George Coleman.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager.  
Every Evening, at 7.45, COUSIN DICK. Mesdames Kate Pattison, C. Graham, M. Wenman. Punctually, at 8.15, THE LADIES' BATTLE. Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Grahame, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Hare. Concluding with UNCLE'S WILL. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Doors open at 7.15. Acting Manager, Mr. Huy.

SATURDAY, April 5, being Boat Race Day, no morning performance will take place.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Last

weeks of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, ONCE AGAIN; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron 1,345th and following nights. Concluding with A HIGHLAND FLING. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.  
Every Evening at 9, the enormously successful new comedy, TRUTH, by Bronson Howard, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, supported by Messrs. H. Standing, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames L. Vining, M. Rorke, A. Della, E. Vining, R. Egan, F. Lee, and Mrs. Stephens. Preceded at 7.30 by MEG'S DIVERSION, by H. T. Craven. Supported by Messrs. Carton, Francis, Tritton, White, and Geo. Giddens; Mesdames Hewitt, Edgeworth, and M. Rorke. New scenery by Ryan. Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No booking fees. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

OPERA COMIQUE.

H.M.S. PINAFORE.—Every evening, this successful nautical opera, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, by the original artists; Messrs. G. Grossmith, R. Barrington, R. Temple, Clifton, and G. Power; Mesdames E. Howson, Everard, and Jessie Bond, at 8.30. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier. Preceded, at 7.45, by CUPS and SAUCERS, Mr. G. Grossmith, and followed by the new Vaudeville, AFTER ALL, by F. Desprez, music by A. Cellier. Morning Performance every Saturday at 2.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers.—HOLT and WILMOT.  
NEW BABYLON, by Paul Meritt. Everyone should see Tattersall's, Cremorne, Goodwood, and the Collision at Sea. Miss Caroline Hill and double Company. Magnificent scenery by Thomas Rogers. Three extra rows of Stalls have been added. Acting Manager, Mr. J. W. Currans.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.  
Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.  
Immense Success of the great Adelphi drama, PROOF, with Miss Bella Pateman in her original character of Adrienne and also Madeleine. Mr. McIntyre as Pierre. Powerful company, scenery, and dresses. Monday, March 10th, at 7.15, the Adelphi drama, PROOF. Madeleine and Adrienne, Miss Bella Pateman; Pierre, Mr. McIntyre. Mesdames R. de Solla, Page, Neville, Rayner, Goward; Messrs. Walton, Percival, Chamberlain, Clarke, Gardiner, Vincent, Isaacson, &c. Conclude with a favourite farce.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING, Mesdames Adelaide Newton and Constance Loseby. Messrs. Knight Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelleher, C. Power, Mat Robson, and E. Righton. The Girards, M. Bruet and Mlle. Reviere, the celebrated Buffo Duettists. Three Grand Ballets. Mlles. Gellert, Rosa, Imra Rokoh, and Signora Malvena Canallazzi. Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30. Last Weeks.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.

Proprietor, T. G. CLARK.  
Every evening at 7, the new drama SEVEN YEARS AGO, Messrs. F. Shepherd; Mesdames Agnes, Thomas. Followed by the drama in four acts, by James Guiver, entitled, THE LAST STROKE OF MIDNIGHT, and supported by Messrs. James, Sennet, Grant, Monkhouse, Syms, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Verner, Victor, A. Thomas, Denvil, &c. Conclude with the Ballet, THE COOKS OF THE KITCHEN, by the Great Lauri Troup.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON

Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE.  
Every Evening (Wednesday excepted) at a quarter to seven, New Historical and Romantic Drama by R. Dodson, Esq., entitled PENAL LAW. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Rhyds, Towers, Reeve, Pitt, Mills. Mlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner, Pettifer. Followed by a Musical Burlesque, entitled WILLIAM THAT MARRIED SUSAN. Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis, Hyde; Mlles. Pollic Randall, Summers. Concluding with AMY ROBERT. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Drayton; Mlles. Brewer and Newham. WEDNESDAY, Benefit of Mr. Fred Foster. FRED FROLIC, WILLIAM THAT MARRIED SUSAN, and THE COURIER OF LYONS.

THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

TRA FALGAR.  
The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.  
The Daily Telegraph says: "Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits."  
The Observer says: "Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted."  
VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT during the Evening:  
Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR. CANTWELL,"

drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 248, Strand, London.

HAMILTON'S AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—

Nightly at 8. Monday and Saturday at 3 and 8. ZULU WAR—just added, Battle of Isandula, giving from the most authentic sources, a life-like representation of the heroic stand against 20,000 Zulus by the gallant 24th. Cetewayo, the Zulu King, and his military Kraal, at Undini. Other events in rapid succession. HAMILTON'S ENTERTAINMENT and Colossal Scenery of Passing Events (Illustrated by a Powerful and Talented Company), including superb and realistic scenes of the Afghan War, Storming and Capture of the fortress of Ali Masjid. O I C M Minstrels. Human Tripod, war dance, by Zulu Warriors. Hair Brushing by Machinery. Prices from 6d. to 3s.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor ... J. B. AMOR.

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Next week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a Portrait of Miss Wadman of the Gaiety Theatre—Humours of the Past Month by Matt Stretch—"The Rival Blues," a page of the boat-race sketches—Scene from "Gretchen," at the Olympic Theatre—Portrait of Mr. George Fox—The Liverpool Grand National—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—Famous Actresses (continued): Mrs. Hartley—"Left to its Fate": an incident of the late Floods in Hungary—Quail Shooting in Egypt—Juliet's Tomb at Verona—and other high-class engravings of interesting subjects.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

PRESIDENT:—HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.  
International Agricultural Exhibition to be held at Kilburn, June 30 to July 7, inclusive.

CAUTION.

Entries of all Exhibits other than Live Stock and Manufactured Farm Produce close definitely on April 1st. Prize Sheets and Certificates will be forwarded on application to

H. M. JENKINS, Secretary.

12, Hanover-square, London, W.

N.B.—Special Prizes offered for Railway Wagons and Plans of Farm Buildings.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, surpasses all other rival establishments.

Open at 11.

Admission One Shilling.

11 to 1 Miscellaneous attractions.

1.15. Stokes on Memory. Monday and Fridays.

3.15. Concert by the Royal Aquarium Orchestra.

3.30 and 8.15. Renowned Variety Entertainment. The Martinetti Troupe in Grand Ballet, Robert Macaire; the Brothers Dare; Pongo; Guida; Smith and Hess; Stot-Tai; Antoneo; La La.

5.30. Blondin. Gigantic success. Last week.

6.0. Toby, the seal, will go through his performance in the large seal tank.

6.0. Recital on the Great Organ by Mr. W. H. Handley.

7.30. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Vocalists—Mrs. Goodman Russell and Mr. Cross.

8.30. Second Unsurpassed Variety Entertainment.

10.30. Blondin. Last week. Gigantic success.

Billiard Tournament, THURSDAY NEXT, April 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10. Eight of the Best Professionals will compete.

NOTICE.—The Manager regrets to announce that owing to previous engagements Mons. Blondin will leave the Aquarium on APRIL 5th, but in consequence of the unprecedented success which has attended his wonderful performances, he will RE-APPEAR April 21.

Afternoon Theatre, Royal Aquarium. Miss Litton has the honour to announce that this Theatre, entirely redecorated, is now open under her management. Every day, at three precisely, revival of Goldsmith's comedy SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. The new scenery by Mr. Perkins. On this occasion Mrs. Stirling will enact Mrs. Hardcastle; Miss Meyrick, Miss Neville; and Miss Litton, Miss Hardcastle; Mr. W. Farren, Young Marlow; Mr. J. Ryder, Mr. Hardcastle; Mr. E. E. Edgar, Hastings; and Mr. Lionel Brough, Tony Lumpkin; supported by full company by kind permission of their respective managers. Miss Litton trusts to merit the same kind patronage in her present venture that the public have accorded her in her previous managements. Box-office open from 11 a.m. till 5; seats may also be secured at the libraries. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

Pronounced by all the leading daily and weekly Papers to be THE BEST AND MOST DELIGHTFUL to be found amidst the whole round of London Amusements.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at 3 and 8.

Prices of admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. No Fees.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

St. George's Hall, Langham-place.—"GRIMSTONE GRANGE," a Tale of the Last Century. By Gilbert and Arthur A'Beckett. Concluding with OUR CALICO BALL, a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Morning performances, Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s. and 1s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS,

Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays) from 8.0 a.m. to Sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are a young male giraffe and an equine antelope. The Picture Gallery is Now Open.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Annual Tour

of England, Scotland, and Ireland. THEATRE ROYAL SHEFFIELD, MONDAY, MARCH 31st, for SIX NIGHTS ONLY. All the principal Cities of the Empire to follow. All dates filled to end of Tour. Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

MR. STEDMAN'S MUSICAL AGENCY

(Established for the transaction of all Musical Business, Professional and General).

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TO CONCERT-GIVERS AND ENTREPRENEURS GENERALLY.

MR. STEDMAN begs to inform Proprietors of Concerts, Secretaries of Institutions, and Entrepreneurs generally, that he is prepared to arrange for large or small parties of artists of all positions in the profession, and for Concert Tours. All details of management undertaken without the slightest trouble to those favouring Mr. Stedman with their wishes. Terms upon application.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHOIRS.

MR. STEDMAN is prepared to provide CHOIRS and ORCHESTRAS for the performance of Oratorios and Cantatas.

MR. STEDMAN will be happy to advise his clients upon all professional matters, confidential or otherwise, either by letter or personally, by previous appointment, at his Offices, 12, Berners-street, London, W.

CHURCH FESTIVALS.—Mr. STEDMAN is prepared to make engagements with Choirmen and Chorists, and to conduct all necessary arrangements connected with Church Festivals, either in London or the country. Solo Choir Boys can always be supplied at short notice.



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and is UNEQUALLED for UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

## SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA, Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder. Guaranteed pure Soluble Cocoa of the Finest Quality, with the excess of fat extracted.

THE FACULTY pronounce it "the most nutritious, perfectly digestible beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, and invaluable for Invalids and Children." Highly commended by the entire Medical Press.  
Being without Sugar, Spice, or other admixture, it suits all palates, keeps better in all climates, and is four times the strength of Cocos thickened yet weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with boiling water, a teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than a halfpenny. In tin packets at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c. By Chemists and Grocers.

### Cocoatina a la Vanille

Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

### CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE way they write sporting history in Ireland is—Irish. Of course during the visit of the Empress of Austria all the local papers thought it necessary to give accounts of the sport, and one of the editors, looking over his staff to find a fitting representative, selected one who certainly laboured under the disadvantage of knowing nothing whatever about horses, hounds, or the beasts of the field, but who, on the other hand, knew something of German. Never having been on a horse in his life, the reporter did not propose to begin over a country, but sat quietly in a little roadside public-house appointed for the meet, and wrote a glowing account of what he saw. The hounds were the Ward Union, and the attendance large. After all, however, the run is the thing that a sporting reporter has to describe, and for this he had to trust to hearsay. Sitting in the little room, when the hunt had moved off he waited patiently for some one to return and tell him how things had been going, for some of the sportsmen were certain to come back that way, as the station by which many had to return was near by. But it unfortunately happened that the first who came was a wag, and finding that the reporter's mind was a blank tablet as regarded sport, he set to work to make wickedly false entries thereon. The Ward Union, it need hardly be remarked, are staghoums, but of this elementary fact the reporter was ignorant. "Good sport with the dogs, sir?" the reporter began. "Splendid!" replied the sportsman. "Lots of game, I make no doubt!" "Game? Heaps of it!" "Now could you tell me just what you did, sir?" asked the reporter. "Certainly, with pleasure," was the reply. "We enlarged the hare at the cross roads." "Did ye, now!" answered the reporter, noting down the fact, and delighted at having found so communicative a friend. "We did, indeed; and away he went, straight over a wall that stopped half the field. The Empress flew over like a bird, with her suite close after her, though one of the servants was turned over." So he continued, describing such a run as never was, nor is, nor e'er will be. The speed and ferocity of the hare were alike commented on to the astonished reporter, whose pencil flew over the paper to keep pace with the eloquent description. At last he felt that he must say something to justify his position as a sporting writer, and so he innocently asked "whether the Empress got the brush?" Of course he was assured that she did, but this little incident the editor cruelly excised. As it is, however, such a story will go down to posterity as will entirely alter the opinions currently held as to the performances of staghoums—that is, of course, to say, if readers believe this strange, eventful history.

FEW persons would think of looking for foxes in trees, but if the branches of tough old oaks and ashes were carefully investigated, the pointed nose and bright eyes of the wily varmint might be found there oftener than the uninitiated would believe. There is an old ivy-covered stump by the side of the road not far from Chippenham where the Duke of Beaufort's hounds have several times found a fox. In Badminton Park several of the trees have held these strange tenants, and in the neighbourhood last year two foxes were found in one tree, where, moreover, the presence of a third was suspected—possibly it was the same animal seen twice. Both of them were a long way up, and when the famous pack arrived at the bottom one ran up still higher, but the other was persuaded to come down, and was killed after a good run. In Shipton Wood, again, in the Badminton country, there are trees which frequently hold foxes, and the strange thing is that if one fox is killed another generally takes its place. A famous sportsman with whom I was lately discussing this told me that he and his brother—a huntsman and son of an M.F.H.—were lately visiting a well-known pack, and asked whether in that country they ever found foxes in the trees? The Master said, "No; they never thought of looking for them," and was told that if he did look perhaps he would find some. Before they had gone three miles my friend called the Master's attention to a bough above their heads, upon which reclined a big dog-fox.

A DISCUSSION has been raised to decide whether animals are or are not sensible of, and sensitive to, ridicule, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that they very frequently are. I was once intimately acquainted with an old horse, named Turpin, that hated to be laughed at, and endeavoured to resent, with very active heels, the chaff that he took for insult. If one went into the stable and made

derisive remarks in which the word "Turpin" occurred, or if one pointed at him and laughed, he would put back his ears and kick out viciously. I used often to drive him in a dog-cart, and to take with me a young lady who was nervous with horses, on which occasions, when reference was made to Turpin, I had to speak of him as the "noble quadruped who is now doing us the honour of drawing this conveyance," or as "the estimable creature whose name we would not mention for worlds." I verily believe that old Turpin had even then an idea that he was being chaffed somehow or other, for if the pace and state of the road allowed him to hear—and perhaps these remarks were made in a loud voice in order that he might—his ears would go back suspiciously. How surely, again, does a horse estimate the character of his rider—know when a timid hand is on the reins, and when he is between the knees of a rider who will stand no nonsense. I know that when my nerves are not in good order the horse I may be riding finds it out with marvellous promptitude. I wish he didn't.

Poor Jenkins, of the *Whitewash Review*, has got it again this week in the *World*, with the usual warmth. "It is impossible to conceive anything more offensive and nauseating," Atlas writes, "than this man's description of the Windsor wedding, written partly in flippant familiarity, partly in obsequious flattery, wholly in bad grammar and worse taste. He mentions the Prince of Wales as 'the adored Bertie of Princess Beatrice.' Surely, if a young lady have a pet name for her brother, that is not one of those things which

'tis but just  
The many-headed beast should know,  
or the empty-headed beast should tell! The reporter does not even know his own wretched business. He speaks of 'the portly Musurus Pasha, . . . together with his wife.' Madame Musurus died two years ago, as everyone will recollect."

SOME interesting facts regarding the various Faust legends were given in a leading article in the *Standard* on Wednesday last. Apropos of Mr. Gilbert's version of *Gretchen* the writer says:—"It is obvious that the basis of the story of Faust is the superstition as to formal compacts between the lower powers and men, and accordingly we find other authorities placing the origin of the Faust legends further back than the end of the fifteenth century, when the Faustus of whom we have been speaking flourished. Mr. Dasent says that the notion of these bargains with the Prince of Darkness first arose about the middle of the thirteenth century, and came, with Christianity, from the East. And he finds the 'original of all the Faust legends' in the fall and conversion of Theophilus, who was *vicedominus*, or next in rank to a bishop, under Justinian I., in Ada, a city of Cilicia. It seems that Theophilus, after making a bargain with the Evil One, was fortunate enough to get his compact back, burn it, and receive pardon; indeed, it is curious to note how, in many of these mediæval stories, the Devil is outwitted—generally, be it observed, after a fashion which would not have deceived a child. We do not know whether Mr. Gilbert has ever read this story; but, if not, it is an interesting coincidence that, in his latest version of the Faust legend, the hero should be a priest, as was the lucky Theophilus." That is certainly curious, though we are inclined to think that Goethe's view of Faust was more picturesque than that which makes him forsake the cloister.

MISS SOPHIE FANE, whose name appeared in very large letters in an advertisement in the *Times*, and whose claim to rank as a star was questioned on the ground that her name was unknown in the dramatic world, writes to thank the editor for what she terms, with carefully dotted "i's," a "gratuitous advertisement." What an advertisement of this sort may be, I cannot tell, for idiotic lexicographers have carelessly omitted the word from all the dictionaries within reach. Miss Sophie Fane reproves the writer's ignorance, and boldly states that she is known to the public, as "the editor may satisfy himself if he will kindly glance at the enclosed notice which she received from *Public Opinion*." This poor little snipping Miss Sophie Fane encloses. It is the sort of conventional comment that a critic makes when he wants to fill a few more lines, and mentions all the names that appear on the programme, with a stereotyped phrase. Perhaps Miss Sophie Fane values the notice in *Public Opinion* because it is "gratuitous," as notices of that variety seem to please her. But even after having received one of these notices in *Public Opinion*, I hardly think that Miss Sophie Fane can be allowed to take rank by the side of Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Henry Irving, and the other actresses and actors whose names are announced by managers in large letters. If Miss Sophie Fane does this on the strength of one notice in *Public Opinion*, what sort of type would she require to announce her appearances if by any chance she ever had a notice in one of the daily papers?

S. WALTER S. sends a very kindly criticism of these columns, but is severe about the story of the "sell" which was published last week. This, he thinks, is spoiled by being divested of its most amusing element. I must, in the first place, confess to a slip of the pen in writing "uncorked" instead of "unopened," which certainly makes all the difference; for the rest, however, and for a reason which readers will at once see, I cannot admit that the story is spoilt. The "sell" was to drink a glass of wine from an unopened bottle of champagne without drawing or piercing the cork, or smashing the bottle; and the solution was to turn the bottle upside down, pour a glass of champagne into the hollow there to be discovered, and drink it from and out of the bottle. S. Walter S. says the story is the catch of a "darkey," who asks his "massa" how he could get a glass of wine from a bottle without breaking the glass or pulling the cork out, and the solution of the mystery was by pushing the cork in. But my bottle of wine, I wish to point out to S. Walter S., was a bottle of champagne, and if he could push the cork into that he would be clever. His story is a first cousin to mine, and not mine in disguise.

WE have every respect for our contemporary, the *Lancet*, but really the discovery of "cab sciatica," a new disease contracted from sitting on damp cushions in hansoms and "growlers," is going too far. No doubt a damp cab is unpleasant, but a man would have to spend his life in one before he damaged himself in the way in which the *Lancet* suggests. Moreover, if this sort of nomenclature is to obtain, we shall hear next of "Metropolitan mumps," caught through travelling in the drain that is dignified by the title of the Metropolitan Railway; the "Regent-street rash," which would come out from over-exposure in that popular thoroughfare; the "Strand small-pox;" the "Soho scarlatina;" or, to carry out still further the delightful line of thought suggested by "cab sciatica," what does the *Lancet* say to the "steamboat stiffneck"? There is, in fact, just as much danger from the one as the other, and we are not going to be frightened out of taking a hansom by the awful warning of the medical wag who penned that playful paragraph in our usually staid contemporary.

DOUBTLESS, with the approach of warmer weather we shall hear of increased activity amongst the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Persons using bearing-reins will be prosecuted, and any coachman or groom seen driving or riding a horse with a loose shoe will be immediately summoned to appear before a magistrate, who will as promptly dismiss the summons. During the winter months the Society seems to lapse into a dormouse state, occasionally emerging from its concealment to fall on to some wretched organ-grinder, who had been seen to pinch his monkey's tail, whilst all around them, maybe, are horses overworked and overlaid, falling on slippery roads, and cruelly beaten for so falling. It is a pity that so excellent a society should have so little discernment, and it is a question if the police should have not only more power given to them, but strict orders to take into custody any one they saw maltreating an animal. For instance, passing down the Strand last week I saw a driver of a "growler" (and these drivers by the way are great offenders) deliberately pull the wheel of his cab over the fetlock of a pony—thereby laming it—and drive off laughing. Surely a man like this deserves heavy punishment, and if the police had been allowed to take him up magistrates would be only too ready to mete out justice with a heavy fine, or, very much better still, imprisonment without the option. Let the Society either bestir itself or let the matter be taken in hand by the police.

I READ lately in an American paper that four little boys who were whistling "Grandfather's Clock" suddenly dropped down dead. The writer then requested any little boy who might be reading that part of the paper to turn over; and then he went on to say that his statement was not strictly true, but if it were justifiable to do a little evil that a great deal of good may come, he thought it well to try and frighten little boys who would whistle and sing this strangely popular ballad. I was walking down a street a day or two ago, when a little boy came along whistling, and a friend desired to be informed what were the odds against his beginning "Grandfather's Clock?" "Three to one that he does it," I replied. Sure enough in a minute he began, and was hardly out of hearing when a second small musician coming along with a basket, screwed up his lips and gave his version of the melody. That portion of the population that does not include the composer of the song and the publishers who sell it, are having rather too much of this venerable time-piece, and it is quite time for someone to write a paragraph in an English paper with the object of deterring little boys from whistling and singing the tune.

RAPIER.

THE prospectus has been issued of the Royal Exchange Bank, with a capital of £1,000,000, in £10 shares. The company has been formed to acquire the business and premises of the Metropolitan Bank.

AN admirable lecture on a subject of wide importance was given on Thursday week by Dr. Arthur W. Edis, the assistant obstetric physician to the Middlesex Hospital, the British Lying-in-Hospital, and the Dressmakers' Provident Benevolent Institution. His subject was the gratuitous brutality of careless or thoughtless shop-keepers, who, by keeping their female assistants without seats during the hours of business—usually from eight in the morning to seven or eight at night—not only add unnecessarily to the wearisome and tiring nature of their daily duties, but seriously affect their health, and engender, in many cases, diseases of a most painful and fatal character.

THE Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, previous to their departure for the Continent, honoured the establishment of Messrs. Osler with a visit.

CAPTAIN DE CARTERET BISSEON's new work, "Our Schools and Colleges," having been submitted for the Queen's inspection, Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept a copy of this very useful volume.

At a general meeting of the Society of British Artists, on the 25th inst., Mr. Horace H. Canty and Mr. Stuart Lloyd were elected members.

At the conference in St. Paul's Churchyard on Saturday it was stated that "the wages paid to women engaged in producing tenpenny bibles were not enough to keep body and soul together, and that of three recent strikes in the bookbinding trade all had arisen out of Bible work." We think there is something supremely and significantly sad in this statement, for it shows that the producers of the Bible must be singularly ignorant of its contents. The propagation of Christianity at the needless loss of English life is hardly what was originally intended we'll be bound.

HORSES: THE "SLIGHT COLD AND COUGH"—Attack these in the bud, ere they lead to ill-condition, lung affection, and chronic disease. DAY, SON, & HEWITT'S "Red Paste Balls," or the "Red Condition Powders" will lubricate the throat and strengthen the stomach, cool the bowels without purging, and may be given morning, noon, or night. They are matchless in staling coat, swollen legs, loss of appetite, and sluggishness. It is with the horse, as with man, the stomach is mostly the seat of mischief. Badly digested food, fermenting from time to time, makes impure blood, and then follow colic and all the other maladies the horse is heir to. The Red Balls and Red Powders are all the medicines the huntsman, groom, and horsekeeper need in their stables if promptly used. 22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

Mrs.—of 105, Eaton-place, Belgravia, S.W., will certainly recommend all her friends to Mr. and Mrs. Hart of 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, S.W., as the most liberal purchaser of left-off clothes, &c.—[ADVT.] Opposite the Victoria District Railway Station is Mr. and Mrs. Hart, 15, Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico, the old-established buyers of left-off clothes of all descriptions. P.O.O. remitted for parcels of the above, same day as received. Established 1810.—[ADVT.]



## REVIEWS.

*Vixen*. A Novel. By the author of *Lady Audley's Secret*. In three vols. London: John and Robert Maxwell, Shoe-lane (1879).

*Vixen* is emphatically a departure from Miss Braddon's usual style of novel writing. No one is knocked on the head at the brink of a well, no half-witted Softy commits any crime, nobody is shot in a wood or out of it. The "trail of the serpent" is not at length made plain, by reason of the fact that there is no serpent—except, indeed, peculiarly obnoxious Captain Winstanley, who escapes his just deserts, and who cannot legally, if he can morally, be regarded as a serpent. The ten commandments are left intact, except for some trifling instances of such minor offences as covetousness; and there is neither burglary nor arson to take the place of more familiar crimes. Miss Braddon has striven, and has, it may at once be admitted, striven successfully, to sustain the interest of her story by the delineation of character. It will occur to some readers, indeed, that the heroine is an adaptation of those abominably pert and precocious hoydens that Miss Broughton and others of her calibre are in the habit of describing so offensively; but *Vixen*, or, to pay proper regard to the young lady's godfather and godmothers, Miss Violet Tempest, appears clothed and in her right mind at an early period of her existence, and we may even go so far as to say that she is not so vixenish as we should like to see her, when in one of her scenes with the disagreeable captain, she throws a lamp, "a large moon-shaped globe upon a bronze pedestal—a fearful thing to fling at one's adversary," on the floor instead of at her oppressor, "a wave of blood which surged into the girl's brain" confusing her at the critical moment.

Captain Winstanley, it should be here remarked, is the stepfather and the rejected lover of *Vixen*. He had proposed to the girl, who was to inherit the fortune of her dead father when she came to the age of twenty-four. *Vixen* had rejected him, however, and he had promptly transferred what stood for his affection to Mrs. Tempest, *Vixen's* frivolous mother. *Vixen* refused him principally because she hated and despised him, and, if this be not accounted a sufficient reason, because from her childhood she had loved Roderick Vawdrey. There was naturally and necessarily an obstacle to the course, of this true love, and this arose from a promise Roderick had made to his mother to win and marry, if he possibly could do so, his cousin, Lady Mabel. To this aristocratic young blue-stocking Roderick dutifully engages himself, and though every experienced novel reader will at once perceive either that he will never marry her, or that if he does, she will assuredly be killed off before the end of the third volume, the difficulty is created. As there are no detached incidents, nothing in the nature of a sub-plot, in Miss Braddon's last, it may be guessed that the filling-out of three volumes has necessitated the employment of that artifice which is colloquially described as "padding;" and if the charge be brought against "*Vixen*," we are not prepared to rebut it. The reader knows what Mrs. Tempest wears on every occasion, and at several festivities where ladies had the opportunity of dressing in gorgeous array, Miss Braddon goes into the question of millinery in a manner which may be edifying to the feminine mind, but is deeply and darkly confusing to the masculine reader. Moreover, not only does Miss Braddon describe dress herself, but she describes Mrs. Tempest's—or Winstanley's—descriptions. But the dress-maker is not honoured at the expense of the upholsterer, for we are scarcely taken into any room without being supplied with an inventory. A good deal of mental analysis and reflection prefaces and follows conversations and incidents, so that altogether if Miss Braddon's story is thin the three volumes are between them thick. That we are carried on as pleasantly and smoothly as we are, and have in the end so little to look back upon, says much for the author's skill as a storyteller.

We must proceed, however, with the story. *Vixen* and her lover—as he may be called—are separated by the engagement of the latter to his cousin Mabel, and on a certain day was playing blind-man's buff in the forest with a party of poor school children of whom she was patroness.

"Polly Sims was incontinently made as blind as Fortune or Justice, or any other of the deities who dispense benefits to man.



MR. CARL ROSA.

Polly floundered about among the trees for a long time, making frantic efforts to catch the empty air, panting like a human steam-engine, and nearly knocking out what small amount of brains she might possess against the gray branches, outstretched like the lean arms of Macbeth's weird women across her path. Finally Polly Sims succeeded in catching Bobby Jones, whom she clutched with the tenacity of an octopus; and then came the reign of Bobby Jones, who was an expert at the game, and who kept the whole party on the *qui vive* by his serpentine windings and twistings among the stout old trunks.

"Presently there was a shrill yell of triumph. Bobby had caught Miss Tempest.

darkness. The grassy hollow in which she was wandering had an atmosphere of solitude.

"She was on the point of taking off the handkerchief that Mr. Scobel had bound so effectually across her eyes, when her outstretched arms clasped something—a substantial figure, distinctly human, clad in rough cloth.

"Before she had time to think who it was she had captured, a pair of strong arms clasped her; she was drawn to a broad chest; she felt a heart beating strong and fast against her shoulder, while lips that seemed too familiar to offend kissed hers with all the passion of a lover's kiss.

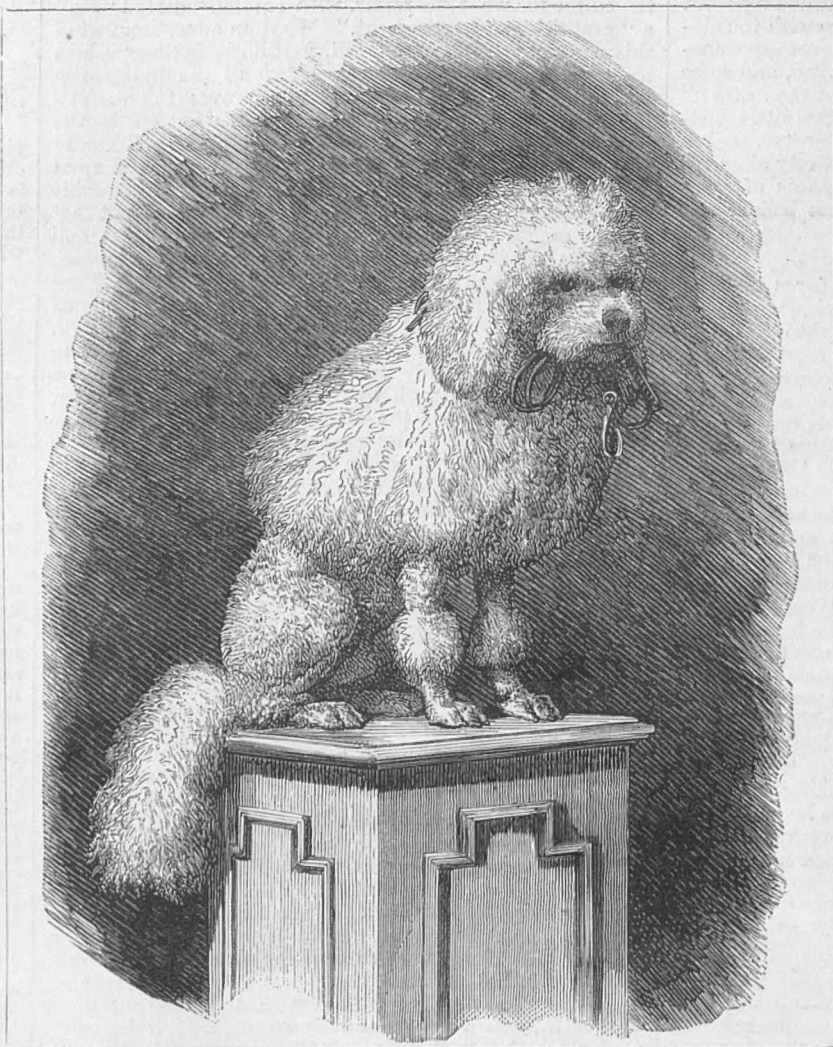
"Don't be angry," said a well-known voice. "I believe it's the rule of the game. If it isn't I'm sure it ought to be."

"A hand, at once strong and gentle, took off the handkerchief, and in the soft woodland twilight she looked up at Roderick Vawdrey's face looking down upon her with an expression which she presumed must mean a brotherly friendliness—the delight of an old friend at seeing her after a long interval."

That Roderick should marry Lady Mabel after this, and worse still, that *Vixen* should marry nobody, would be unbearable. Truly *Vixen* has a suitor in the person of Lord Mallow, an Irishman; but the mere fact of his being a friend of Captain Winstanley puts him out of court at once. Roderick could not "throw his cousin over," it will be seen, because of his promise to his mother. His wedding-day is fixed, and at the time—the lamp incident having taken place meanwhile—*Vixen* has been sent to Jersey to stay with a Miss Skipwith, Captain Winstanley's aunt. Here the girl lives a solitary and unhappy life, with no companion but her faithful dog Argus, and on the day after that appointed for Roderick's—or Rorie's—marriage, she and Argus are out for a walk, and Rorie she supposes is on the road to Norway, whither he was to go for his honeymoon.

"There was a meadow-path which lessened the distance between Les Tourelles and Mount Orgueil. *Vixen* had just left the road and entered the meadow when Argus set up a joyous bark, and ran back to salute a passing vehicle. It was a St. Helier's fly driving at a tremendous pace in the direction from which she had come. A young man lay back in the carriage, smoking a cigar, with his hat slouched over his eyes. *Vixen* could just see the strong sunburnt hand flung up above his head. It was a foolish fancy, doubtless, but that broad brown hand reminded her of Rorie's. Argus leaped the stile, rushed after the vehicle, and saluted clamorously. The poor brute had been mewed up for a week in a dull court-yard, and was rejoiced at having something to bark at.

"To-day she went to her favourite corner, a seat in an angle of the battle-



A PERFORMING POODLE AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.



mented wall, and sat there with her arms folded on the stone parapet, looking dreamily seaward, across the blue channel to the still bluer coast of Normandy, where the towers of Coutance showed dimly in the distance.

"Resignation. Yes, that was to be her portion henceforward. She must live out her life, in isolation almost as complete as Miss Skipwith's, without the innocent delusions which gave substance and colour to that lonely lady's existence.

"The sun was gaining power, the air was drowsy, the soft ripple of the tide upon the golden sand was like a lullaby. Even that long sleep of the morning had not cured Vixen's weariness. There were long arrears of slumber yet to be made up. Her eyelids drooped, then closed altogether, the ocean lullaby took a still softer sound, the distant voices of the tourists grew infinitely soothing, and Vixen sank quietly to sleep, her head leaning on her folded arms, the gentle west wind faintly stirring her loose hair.

"Oh, happy kiss that woke thy sleep!" cried a familiar voice close in the slumberer's ear, and then a warm breath, which was not the summer wind, fanned the cheek that lay upmost upon her arm, two warm lips were pressed against that glowing

cheek in ardent greeting. The girl started to her feet, every vein tingling with the thrilling recognition of her assailant. There was no one else—none other than he—in this wide world who would do such a thing! She sprang up, and faced him, her eyes flashing, her cheeks crimson.

"How dare you?" she cried. "Then it was you I saw in the fly? Pray, is this the nearest way to Norway?"

"Yes, it was Rorie; looking exactly like the familiar Rorie of old; not one whit altered by marriage with a duke's only daughter; a stalwart young fellow in a rough gray suit, a dark face sunburnt to deepest bronze, eyes with a happy smile in them, firmly-cut lips half hidden by the thick brown beard, a face that would have looked well under a lifted helmet—such a face as the scared Saxons must have seen among the bold followers of William the Norman, when those hardy Norse warriors ran amuck in Dover town.

"Not to my knowledge," answered this audacious villain, in his lightest tone. "I am not very geographical. But I should think it was rather out of the way."

"Then you and Lady Mabel have changed your plans?" said Vixen, trembling very much, but trying desperately to be

as calmly common-place as a young lady talking to an ineligible partner at a ball. "You are not going to the north of Europe?"

"Lady Mabel and I have changed our plans. We are not going to the north of Europe. In point of fact, we are not going anywhere."

"But you have come to Jersey. That is part of your tour, I suppose?"

"Do not be too hasty in your suppositions, Miss Tempest. I have come to Jersey—I am quite willing to admit as much as that."

"And Lady Mabel? She is with you, of course?"

"Not the least bit in the world. To the best of my knowledge Lady Mabel—I beg her pardon—Lady Mallow—is now on her way to the fishing-grounds of Connemara with her husband."

Lord Mallow had in fact fallen in love with Lady Mabel, she had reciprocated the compliment, and Roderick had the satisfaction of being jilted in a manner which exceeded his most sanguine hopes.

In conclusion we must express a word of regret at the introduction of the sorrel mare, which to her dying day would never



THE QUORN AND DONINGTON HUNT STEEPLECHASES AT LOUGHBOROUGH.

### BY-THE-BYE,

that often misunderstood, or misrepresented, quotation, supposed to be Milton's, "What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones, The labour of an age in piled stones," &c., has once more been disinterred and distorted, to serve the cause of shallow folly and spitefulness, by a leader-writer on the *Daily Telegraph*, who forgets, or ignores, Shakspeare's prophetically reproachful reply: "Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?—excuse not silence so."

Regarded in this supposed Miltonian sense, that humble monument which marks the last resting-place of dust that once was Shakspeare's is no more needed than is "the labour of an age in piled stones." Yet what would the ten thousand pilgrims who travel to it every year, as to a shrine, from all parts of the world, say, if in the cold-blooded huckstering spirit of this self-sufficient, prejudiced leader-writer, we abandoned that monument to ruin and decay? Small, indeed, would be our expressions of grateful love if, influenced by the flippant smartness and jaunty air of this practised pen-wielder, we were to measure them out in accordance with our departed benefactor's needs. Great or

small, the dead need nothing of the living, and "nothing if we add to nothing—faith! the total is but small."

Shakspeare, who made the very birds cry shame "on those rich heirs that let their fathers lie without a monument," so cries shame on us, who have no monument worthy his fame and greatness. But shall we, therefore, ignore decency and good feeling to join the *Daily Telegraph* in making that our boast which is our shame? or virulently insult and coarsely abuse those who have tried so earnestly and generously to remove the reproach because the measure of their success has been smaller than they had a right to expect it would be, has in fact been largely bounded by the sphere of their personal influence, and thus become almost local instead of national.

It is our need, not Shakspeare's, that has happily preserved his lowly birthplace in Stratford, for which generations yet unborn will bless us. We partially keep alive upon the stage those mighty works which must ever be their writer's noblest and greatest monument, for our delight not Shakspeare's need. It is our monument, or want of a monument, to Shakspeare which will speak loudest for or against us to the world's succeeding generations, not the poet's mighty plays.

let anyone dismount her quietly. This state of things was necessary because the story demanded that the sorrel's rider should not be able to aid his young mistress once when she needed assistance. We emphatically decline to believe in the existence of any mare which a groom could not dismount in one second. To get into the saddle is at times awkward enough, but to leave it is invariably easy—too easy sometimes. Lady novelists usually contrive to write nonsense about horses, even when they introduce them casually. There is, in "Vixen" a most commendable absence of "Daily Telegraphism," or "fine writing," and if now and then Miss Braddon resorts to it, one must remember that she had not very much to say and had three volumes to say it in.

The deaf and dumb man who was caught trying to cheat several charitable institutions by means of a letter signed "J. A. Mackie" was successful in one or two cases, and would probably have carried out his *Mackienations* had he not put in a personal appearance which showed him to be a *dumby* in more senses than one.



But our daily contemporary is not only content to leave Shakspeare without a monument, it is exceedingly scornful and wrathful with all those who do not share its selfish and mean contentment. If it happens that I go to the inaugural festival of the Shakspeare Memorial Association on the 23rd of April next—as I did to the former festival, and hope I shall to this—the *D. T.* has sneered at me in advance; pointed mockingly at my modest “three-halfpence worth” of conviviality at the dinner; at my listening to speeches which, it says, will be “tremendous” in amount, however short the time allotted to them; at the price I shall pay for admission to the theatre; at, what I have yet to find, my “brilliantcy”; and at my not knowing what to do with myself in the midst of Shakspeare’s shire, when there is nothing particular going on in the town. How I, who have been in Warwickshire, chuckle at that! It has chuckled over me beforehand, however, as a “festive victim.” Worse still, has savagely denounced me to all mankind as wanting in “common sense and common propriety,” as lowering the “national dignity,” as without “the veneration which all Englishmen should feel for the memory of William Shakspeare,” as “paltry and impertinent,” and as supporting a mere “local clique,” who, to quote this terrible leader, “have the presumption—we say the presumption—to ask the public to recognise this little friendly society as a national enterprise.” To do which is, it adds, “an abuse of the public patience and an insult to the memory of Shakspeare.” I have a right, therefore, to be a little angry, and I am.

But the greatest offence of all is given to our mighty “we” of the *Telegraph*, says the leader, by the perusal of the list of Governors and Council, for “we find it to consist of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the local baronet, the Corporation of Stratford, four individuals by the name of Flower, the ex-managers of Drury Lane, the Haymarket, and the Adelphi Theatres, a popular tragedian, and Mr. Sothern,” together with others described as “respectable nobodies.” It is doubtless as dreadful to be called an individual in the eyes of this writer as it was for a certain “lady” to be called “a female,” and much worse to be publicly denounced as a “nobody.” But whose fault is it if “the name of not one single noted representative of literature, of art, of Shakspearian scholarship, of the clergy, or of the law, appears on the list”? If there is offence in the absence of those who were invited, with whom does the blame fairly rest? But is it so?

May I presume that had it been otherwise this long column and a half of misrepresentation and abuse would have been unwritten; that the Stratfordians-on-Avon would have been spared all this sham outburst of scorn and anger if the Governors and Council had been men of higher social position, and that then a monument to William Shakspeare would have been shrieked for by the *D. T.* in agony, as the one only thing which could save us and our generation from the utter scorn and loathing of unborn Englishmen? For is it not well known that our contemporary in its leader columns does nothing by halves?

May I also venture to ask this Cockney journalist (I am sure he is a Cockney) how far towards completion went that monumental Shakspearian scheme of years ago which was inaugurated by noted representatives in art, literature, and Shakspearian scholarship here in London, although it ended in splits and quarrels, the formation of contending parties and rival committees whose humiliating and selfish squabbles brought the entire affair to a most undignified conclusion?

Prompt to use every opening for spiteful thrusts, the ill-natured *D. T.* leader also observes:—

“It is well-nigh intolerable to listen to the pert statement that ‘the project of erecting a suitable monument to Shakspeare in his native town was revived in the autumn of 1874 by Mr. Charles E. Flower presenting the site, and expressing his desire that the ‘monument’ should take the form of a ‘Memorial Theatre.’ A ‘monument,’ forsooth! A ‘memorial’ quotha! From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step; and the ridiculous aspect of this lofty enterprise becomes at once apparent when the circumstance leaks out that Stratford-on-Avon is for the nonce destitute of a theatre of any kind. It possessed a playhouse once; a small and shabby edifice which stood on part of the site of Shakspeare’s house at New Place, but this theatre was pulled down by the gentlemen who purchased the site of New Place. Stratford is a town of ten thousand inhabitants, and really wants a theatre, not only for theatrical performances, but for concerts, lectures, entertainments, and the like; so that Mr. Flower, in giving a site for and helping to build a new theatre at Stratford, not only designed to render ‘a great national tribute to the memory of him to whom the whole Anglo-Saxon race—yea, the whole world—owes so much,’ but also supplied a somewhat pressing local want.”

But why, most bilious and ungenerous of snarlers, why object to the building of a theatre because it is wanted? Why should not a handsome, well-built theatre take the place of a shabby pulled-down one for the performance of plays which as you declare, constitute the only desirable monument to Shakspeare? Why, most dissatisfied great one, should not that memorial be erected in a town which, as Shakspeare’s birthplace, home, and grave, attracts every year an average of ten thousand pilgrims? Is it because of that vastly superior reverence for William Shakspeare, of which you boast in print, that you object to both locality and theatre? Have you not seen in the pamphlet you quote a list which shows how few and small are the subscriptions raised outside Warwickshire? and that nearly the whole amount received has actually come from Stratford? If the memorial, which was intended to be national, is, for want of due response, not national, will it be, O prophet of bitterness! therefore the fault of those who have appealed so earnestly and so patiently, and alas! that I should add so vainly, to the entire nation for help to make this humble monument more worthy of its site and purpose? And why, because of its humbleness, scold these “individuals of the name of Flower” who have supplied from their own purses the necessary thousands which they fondly believed the public generally would raise? Shall we denounce with your feigned contempt and disgust those who, having honestly, resolutely, and manfully put their hands to the plough, would not, when discouraged and abused, turn back?

But why continue these questionings? “A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,” and call the group of memorial theatre, museum, school, and library by any name you like, they will, if properly upheld, be odorous through all succeeding generations with the honour and glory of Warwickshire, and of those generous London and American managers and players who have contributed so liberally for their erection and endowment.

Sharpe in one of his essays tells us that “Self-conceit and malice are needed to discover faults, and that it is much easier for an ill-natured man than for a good-natured man to be smart and witty,” and ah! how often has a *Daily Telegraph* leader reminded me, as now, of the sharp words of that sharp writer! But I suppose there always have been and will be cold-hearted, clever journalists who have no admiration for noble qualities, no

sympathy with generous efforts, who are without conscience, ignore consistency, and are always ready with the aid of voluminous common-place books and classified newspaper cuttings to write, without trouble of thought or study, columns or volumes for or against this, that, or anything, for a given sum and on the shortest notice. For your daily leader-writer too often “must hold any argument or hold his tongue.”

The real mournful and depressing fact is that this much-boasted reverence for the memory of Shakspeare is in England more often a trick of fashion than a genuine heartfelt sentiment. In America it may be otherwise, for Mark Twain, writing in the *New York Times* about this said memorial theatre, asserted that “Americans of every walk in life” would “cheerfully subscribe” for its erection, and added, “Americans have already subscribed one thousand dollars for an American memorial window to be put in the Shakspeare Church at Stratford-on-Avon. About three-fourths of the visitors to Shakspeare’s tomb are Americans. If you will show me an American who has visited England and not seen that tomb, Barnum will be on his track.”

And that, by-the-bye, gives me a new idea. Wouldn’t the journalist who wrote these east-windy columns of gratuitous detraction and disparagement be worth Barnum’s attention? We haven’t many such (thank goodness!), and in America it seems they have none. Now, really, if only as a curiosity, America might find room for this solitary specimen. England can spare him, the *D. T.* would be a little better without him, and I’m sure that whatever influence I may possess in high quarters—pray do not associate me with the *Whitehall Review*—I would not urge Lord Beaconsfield’s going to war for his recovery.

Not very long ago this nation not only declined to undertake “the labour of an age in piled stones, on the ground of its being altogether unnecessary,” but, as Mark Twain puts it, “nobody felt quite reverence enough for the dead dramatist to repair and take care of the house in which he was born.” That in which he lived and died was, as you know, destroyed long ago. “It was,” says Mark Twain, “an American (Barnum) who roused into its present vigorous life (?) England’s dead interest in her Shakspearian remains. Think of that! Imagine the house that Shakspeare was born in being brought bodily over here and set up on American soil. . . . The deeds were actually drawn” (if I remember rightly in 1861) “and ready for the signatures. Then the thing got wind, and there was a fine stir in England! The sale was stopped. Public spirited Englishmen headed a *revival of reverence* for the poet, and from that day to this every relic of Shakspeare in Stratford has been sacred, and zealously cared for accordingly.” The italics are mine.

By-the-bye, do you remember the story told of Sidney Smith, or by Sidney Smith, I forget which? He was preaching a charity sermon, in which he lauded the Englishman’s generous love of his species. The collection afterwards made fell so terribly short of the reverend preacher’s expectation that he felt bound to correct an evident mistake. “Instead of *species*,” said he, “I ought to have said *specie*”—a statement which the difficulty there has always been in raising subscriptions for a national monument to Shakspeare may be held to confirm.

But if Warwickshire, assisted by the noble generosity of London and American players, has done that for Englishmen which we all ought to have done for ourselves, let us not frame clumsy excuses in the fashion of an abusive leader writer, nor unworthily express our cockney spite and envy in such terms as those which have provoked the energetic protest of even such a peaceful wanderer in literary by-ways as

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### LADY CELEBRITIES OF THE HUNTING FIELD.—No. 5. MISS CUYLER.

We continue our series of “Ladies Celebrated in the Hunting Field,” with a portrait of Miss Cuyler, the daughter of Sir Charles Cuyler, Bart., of Oakleaze, Tockington.

The praises of Leicestershire have been sung in poetry and expounded in prose, and to a person who hunts in the metropolis of the sport, every other country may seem provincial. If a man desires simply to gallop over the biggest fields and jump the biggest fences at the end of them, Leicestershire is the county in which he can best satisfy his desires. But we maintain that for a combination of all the delights of the chase no spot better than the Badminton country can be found in England. Certainly there are no hounds superior to those which come from these famous kennels; there is no more accomplished huntsman than Lord Worcester; and probably no one ever had a more comprehensive knowledge of hunting—horses, hounds, and foxes—than the Master, the Duke of Beaufort, possesses. It is with his Grace’s hounds that Miss Cuyler usually hunts, though sometimes she finds Lord Fitzhardinge’s more convenient, and takes her place well in front over the pastures that are hunted by the “Berkeley.” To hold one’s own over either of these countries requires a firm seat and a light hand, with no little power in reserve; for here are to be found all sorts of fences, from the bull-finch, for which Leicestershire is chiefly distinguished, to the stone walls usually associated with Ireland; while, of course, the timber, fence with or without ditch or ditches, and an occasional brook, common to all countries, are frequently to be found. Thus Miss Cuyler—who is, by the way, a cousin of Lady Parker, whose portrait we had the pleasure of giving a few weeks since—is in the best of all possible schools, and being an especially apt scholar, has every claim to hold a position in the list of “Ladies Celebrated in the Hunting Field.”

### MR. E. A. SOTHERN AS DAVID GARRICK.

Mr. Sothern has told us that the early part of his professional career “was chiefly occupied in getting dismissed for incapacity,” and in those few light-hearted words is doubtless hidden a sad story having no small amount of bitterness. We recalled them when we saw him as Fitzaltamont, the crushed tragedian, whose deep stagey voice, studied utterances, and measured walk will be fresh in the remembrance of our readers, and thought that there was probably no one present amongst the audience who so fully understood the reality of that misery, of which he made such fun, as Edward Askew Sothern did. The poor devil who studied an average of nineteen parts a week only to be sneered and laughed at; who, in reply to the banker’s remark that he had not been in a theatre for twenty years, replied that it was about the same time since he had been in a bank, was not, we may be sure, a sketch altogether ideal, and no one knew better than Mr. Sothern did that it had its sad and tragic side as well as its extravagant and farcical one. But we have nothing now to do with the Crushed tragedian, of whom we have already given a character portrait.

Mr. Sothern was born in Liverpool on April 1, 1830, a fact which may have something to do with the passion for practical joking he so often displays. He made his first appearance on the stage at the Theatre Royal, Jersey, and in 1851 left this country for the United States, and made his *début* before an American audience at the National Theatre, Boston, in September,

1852, in the part of Dr. Pangloss. His first great hit was made as a member of Wallack’s company at New York, in Mr. Tom Taylor’s piece, *Our American Cousin*. The piece ran for a thousand nights, and Mr. Sothern’s Lord Dundreary became so famous that it was soon worth his while to return to his native land with it. On Monday, Nov. 11th, 1861, he re-appeared on the English stage at the Haymarket Theatre as Lord Dundreary, and at the same theatre, in the April of 1864, he played David Garrick, in a play of that name, written or adapted by the late Mr. T. W. Robertson. In this character Mr. Sothern brought his powers to a test altogether differing from that which *Our American Cousin* supplied, and with decided success. David Garrick is a character part which demands histrionic powers of no ordinary kind, and of a quality very superior to those demanded for the creation of a grotesque but clever caricature from real life like Lord Dundreary, and Mr. Sothern’s triumph gave playgoers a feeling of respect and admiration for him as an actor of real genius which had not previously existed. It is fitting, therefore, that our gallery of dramatic portraits should not be rendered incomplete by lacking a portrait of Mr. Sothern in the character of David Garrick.

### MR. CARL ROSA.

This eminent musician, whose portrait will be found in the present number of our journal, was born at Hamburg, March 22, 1843, and at so early an age exhibited signs of musical precocity that, when six years old, he began to learn the violin, and two years later played a solo at a public concert in his native town. His success was so remarkable that it led to his engagement, as a juvenile prodigy, on a concert tour, and soon afterwards he was placed at the Leipsic Conservatoire, where he studied harmony and composition under Hauptmann, and the violin under Ferdinand David, the great violinist, for whom Mendelssohn’s only violin concerto was written. He subsequently studied with Laub at Berlin, and thence proceeded to Paris, where he gained the violin prize at the Conservatoire. The Philharmonic Society of Hamburg appointed him their conductor, and while holding this post he organised a successful series of chamber music concerts. In 1865 he made his first appearance in England at one of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, and met with so much success that he subsequently had a long career in London and the provinces as a solo violinist. His celebrity led to his engagement by the late Mr. Bateman as one of the stars of a concert tour in the United States. The *prima donna* of the party was the late lamented Madame Parepa, who became Mr. Rosa’s wife, and with whose powerful aid he organised a series of English operatic performances in America, engaging Miss Rose Hersee to share the *prima donna* parts, Mrs. Zella Seguin as chief contralto, Mr. Castle as first tenor, Mr. Alberto Lawrence as first barytone, and Mr. Sherwood Campbell as first bass. The musical arrangements were made with the conscientiousness and liberality which have always distinguished Mr. Carl Rosa’s management, and during successive operatic campaigns between the years 1869 and 1872 fame and fortune were secured; a final tour with Italian Opera proving highly profitable. In 1872 Mr. Rosa returned to England, and during the next two years his company made brilliant successes in the provinces; culminating in a metropolitan triumph at the Princess’s Theatre, where, on the 11th of September, 1875, Mozart’s *Marriage of Figaro* was produced, with Mdles. Rose Hersee, Torriani, and Yorke, MM. Campobello and Santley, and other capable artists in the cast. Since then, Mr. Carl Rosa’s career has been familiar to the musical public. Besides long provincial tours, he has during successive seasons occupied the Lyceum, the Adelphi, and Her Majesty’s Theatre. His recent successes at the last-named establishment are referred to in another column.

Mr. Carl Rosa has formed a large repertory of operas, including many important works first produced in English by him, and an original English opera—*Pauline*—written for him by Mr. Henry Hersee, and composed by Mr. Frederic Cowen. A skilful and conscientious musician, he takes care that full justice shall be done to the composers whose works he presents; and in every detail of his stage management, taste is combined with liberality. As an operatic conductor he stands in the foremost rank; as a manager he is conspicuous for an enterprising spirit, controlled by sagacity; and to his numerous friends he is endeared by the uprightness and generosity of his character.

### THE DERBY AND QUORN STEEPLECHASES.

Mr. Sturgess has been to the Midlands, and on other pages will be found the results of his visit, in the shape of sketches of the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase and of the Loughborough Steeplechase. The former represents the fall of Mr. Brockton on Novelty, and the consequent extinguishment of a 100 to 8 chance, though the merits of the horses had been estimated with remarkable judgment, as the favourite, Bellringer, won with 2 to 1 against him, beating the second favourite, Golden Cross, against whom 4 to 1 was laid; while Minotaur was almost, if not quite, as much fancied as any of the remaining fourteen. The other sketch is of the race for the Loughborough Plate, and is taken during the “first time round.” This was also won by the favourite, Goldfinder, who ran with evens on him, beating eight followers.

### ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, CRICKET, &c.

ST. JOHN’S COLLEGE, Cambridge, or rather the undergraduates of that society, on Friday and Saturday last fairly commenced the cricket season with a match on the cricket ground, the eleven against eighteen freshmen. The latter went first to the wickets and retained defensive operations throughout the first day, and eventually won very easily by 68 runs. D. C. Falcke will prove a very useful member during the season if he continue as he commenced, his 44 not out being well played for, in addition to which he was credited with one wicket when entrusted with the leather. F. D. Gaddum was next best scorer with 22, and he took four wickets, a feature of the eleven’s innings being that none of them were caught, and only one run out. For the eleven Berkeley obtained 30, Wrigley 27, and Wild 14, none of the others getting into double figures, their total score being 102 against 180.

Next week the rival blues will contend at Lillie Bridge, West Brompton, for the University blue ribbon of the running track, and some close contests will undoubtedly take place, although I have an opinion that the odd event will fall to Oxford. The results of coming contests are necessarily problematical, but yet I think I shall not be very far out in my selections for the various events. First on the list comes the hundred yards, which on the time test should be a close affair, as the crack at either University is credited with doing 10 1/5 secs, but I fancy myself that the two Oxonians, M. R. Portal and E. C. Treplin, will both prove just too good for G. B. Hoffmeister and E. Storey; but the quartette should be very close indeed together at the finish.

Two brothers, R. H. and W. Macaulay, will oppose each other for the high jump, and the former, who carries the paler, will be far the better of the two; while Cambridge will also prove superior to the second string of Oxford. When speaking

\* Mr. C. E. Flower, of Avondale, Stratford-on-Avon, at first gave the land on which the theatre is being built. He next gave a thousand pounds towards its erection, and to this he afterwards added four thousand pounds towards erecting the library and picture-gallery.



of the weight-putting and hammer-throwing, I need simply say that the Cantabs have virtually two "walks over," but they in turn have no chance for the wide jump if Kempe, the dark blue crack, be well. The hurdles are doubtful, as on paper L. K. Jarvis, of Trinity, Cambridge, should beat Kempe; but I fancy at Lillie Bridge the latter will prove the better man. Three events remain to be discussed, viz., the quarter, one mile, and Three Miles, all of which should be credited to the wearers of the darker colour, as I cannot see how either H. J. Lee-Evans, in three miles, W. W. Bolton in the mile, or Hoffmeister, Knowles, or Storey in the quarter, can lower the colours of E. F. Hills, D. L. Clarke or Mr. R. Portal at either of the distances given. In conclusion, I think Oxford will certainly take five, if not six, of the nine events.

As the doings at Roehampton on Saturday last were of interest to athletes all over the country, I shall notice them, although from the head-quarters of the T.H. and H. I never even receive the courtesy of a fixture. Forty athletes turned out for the third annual competition for the Cross Country Championship won in 1877 by the T.H. and H., and last year by the Spartans. On this occasion the Thames again won, P. H. Stenning, of that club, being first, covering the distance, stated to be 11¼ miles, in 1h 11min 34sec, the club getting the first half-dozen men in win. G. Mawby, of the Spartans, occupied his old position of second; C. H. Mason, T.H.H., was third; Mason-Smith, of the Spartans, fourth; J. J. Bateman, T.H. and H., fifth; W. M. Colson, S.L.H., sixth; W. A. Tyler, Spartans, seventh; J. C. Lawrence, T.H. and H., eighth; J. J. Archer, Spartans, ninth; R. S. Benson, T.H. and H., tenth; G. F. Harris, S.L.H., eleventh; H. Bishop, T.H. and H., twelfth; the others arriving at intervals.

Eton College annual steeplechases were held last Saturday. Rogers won the senior and Cave the junior, twenty-two starting for the former and twenty-five for the latter.

H. Coulson, the scratch man, ran wonderfully well in the fourth members' handicap steeplechase of the Isledon Harriers, but had to put up with second place, M. Clarke, 20sec start, proving the victor, whilst the third place was filled by E. Cumber, 1¼min start.

With so much going on elsewhere, it is no wonder that the Blackheath Harriers did not muster more than five at their fortnightly run last Saturday, and they therefore had a friendly trot over the steeplechase course. The performers were D. T. Mayson and R. H. Brutton (of the B.H.), T. W. Hills (Ino R.C.), A. H. Davies (Reigate F.C.), and G. W. Eve (St. James's A.C.).

Oxford never had a chance against Cambridge in the Inter-University golf match. I paid the Wimbledon Links a visit, but cannot fairly state I was much interested in the affair, not coming from the North of the Tweed. Those who contested it, however, seemed highly gratified, even the losers.

Ireland made but a poor fight with England in their annual Rugby Union match at the Oval on Monday last, they being beaten easily by three goals and two tries to nil. Notts Forest were great "pots" for their tie against Old Etonians last Saturday; but they were beaten after a splendid match by two goals to one; and the victors have to meet the Clapham Rovers on Saturday, to play for the cup. The Rangers beat Queen's Park in their Scottish Association Challenge Cup tie on the same day, and now have to meet Vale of Leven in the final.

A few days back I drew attention to the severe illness of Jonathan Owen, better known as "Oxford Jonathan," and regret now to have to state that on Wednesday morning last he expired, whilst asleep, at half-past seven. No billiard match of note for some years past was *au fait* without the veteran at the scoring board, and many of my readers will no doubt look back, as I do, with regret to those days when he first taught them how to hold the cue, or make a hazard.

Both of the University crews have now arrived at Putney, and although the weather has been simply execrable the public have not been absent from the tow-path. On Saturday last Marriott, the stroke of last year, occupied his old position for the first time this year, and it is greatly to be regretted that he did not make up his mind earlier what he intended doing; Robinson goes No. 2 *vice* Wells deposed. In the Cambridge boat, on the same day, there was also a change, Bird being replaced by Armytage at No. 3, but he has returned to his place again, having only vacated it for a brief rest.

Touts innumerable, both professional and amateurs, have been on the *qui vive*, and the faces of some of the latter, who had prognosticated a procession, looked unutterable things when the Dark Blues made their appearance. I have come in for much chaff over the few remarks I have thought necessary; but those of my readers who took my advice and got on Oxford at good odds will have the laugh before the day of the race, as signs of hedging money being about are very visible already.

As I think I have made quite enough of these, "don't want to be talked about, but still like it in reality, gentlemen," and as I shall have a chance of adding something next week, I shall conclude by saying that from what I have seen of both crews I shall not be at all surprised if Oxford prove the victors. From the following list of latest weights of the crews it will be seen that the Cantabs are much the heavier:—

OXFORD.		st. lb.
1. H. J. T. Wharton, Magdalen	.	11 5
2. H. M. Robinson, New	.	11 0
3. H. W. Disney, Hertford	.	12 5
4. H. B. Southwell, Pembroke	.	12 9
5. T. Cosby-Burrowes, Trinity	.	12 12
6. G. W. Rowe, University	.	11 11½
7. W. H. Hobart, Exeter	.	11 12
8. H. P. Marriott, Brasenose	.	12 4
F. M. Beaumont, New (cox.)	.	7 7
CAMBRIDGE.		st. lb.
1. E. H. Prest, Jesus	.	10 13
2. H. Sandford, L.M.B.C.	.	11 8½
3. A. H. S. Bird, First Trinity	.	11 8
4. C. Gurdon, Jesus	.	13 3
5. T. C. Hockin, Jesus	.	12 3
6. C. Fairbairn, Jesus	.	12 6
7. R. Routledge, Emmanuel	.	12 9
8. R. D. Davis, First Trinity	.	12 6
G. L. Davis, Clare (cox.)	.	7 6

Cambridge University Bicycle Races are still progressing as I write, therefore they must stand over for discussion next week. From all accounts the amateur championships on Monday week at Lillie Bridge will be far inferior to last year, and will be almost another inter-University contest.

Messrs. Honeywell and Budd, of the Surrey Bicycle Club, have forwarded me two of their fixture cards, which are well filled up. The first race meeting takes place on April 26, at Kennington Oval.

At Lillie Bridge, on Wednesday, despite the unfavourable weather, the Temple Bicycle Club decided their Eighteen Miles Championship. McWilliam, I fancy, held Liles too cheaply, and was beaten for pace at the finish. As the competitors went twenty yards short in each mile, I do not give the time.

The Masonic Hall, Camberwell New-road, was crowded on Wednesday evening, when the Cestus Boxing Club gave their able instructor, Professor Kelley, a benefit. A lengthy programme, embracing boxing, stick-play, foils, bayonet-exercise,

horizontal bar, and Cornwall and Devon wrestling, was not concluded until nearly midnight.

If rumour speaks truthfully, the Old Etonians did rather a shabby piece of business over their tie with Notts Forest. I heard on the ground at Kennington Oval, from a very trustworthy authority, that they wanted the match postponed as two of their men would probably be running at Cambridge last Saturday, but hearing some of the Notts best men were indisposed, changed their minds, and determined to play. I give the report for what it is worth; but as I say above, it came from a quarter likely to be well-informed. EXON.

## TURFIANA.

Now is the season when hunt meetings and other gatherings of a purely local character are mostly celebrated, and for some time to come records of doings in odd corners of the shires will find a place in the columns of sporting contemporaries. The days of fox-hunting are well-nigh numbered, and no more fitting method of winding up the season could be devised than such *réunions* as attract in a quiet and unostentatious sort of way members of the hunt and their friends to the improvised course, largely patronised by farmers, yeomen, and other pillars of the agricultural interest, and dedicated to purely local contests. All this kind of thing does a great deal of good in its way, and many sportsmen of the right sort are found to support with their patronage and presence these ceremonials, who would sedulously avoid contact with the fraternity the doings of which tend to bring regular racing into bad odour. The great charm of these country meetings is the absence of those very characters which form the backbone of more pretentious concerns; and we have often wished that such gatherings could be so far enlarged and improved as to attract the very best class of hunters; but the moment this is done, and arrangements on a larger scale are attempted, the birds of prey smell the battle from afar, and descend in full flight upon the newly discovered carcass. It is better, therefore, that these windings-up of fox-hunting in the shires should retain their old, simple, and unpretending character, and we hope to be able to assist at many more such rural festivals of sport devoid of its rowdy and "professional" aspect. There is no fear of the dangerous classes ever being let loose upon these local "games," for these same gentry have a keen sense of perception, and are not in the habit of undertaking pilgrimages from downright love of sporting associations, and without the certainty of making the journey pay. Therefore we rejoice in the multitude of hunt and local meetings now in course of celebration, well assured that their influence cannot be otherwise than wholesome and beneficial to their promoters and supporters alike.

Though we are only distant a month from the date of the decision of the Two Thousand Guineas, betting upon that race still languishes, and nowadays it seems to be the fashion with owners of the cracks to bottle them up for the great events, and it is long since we have seen a St. Albans or Caracacus playing an important part in the spring handicaps, and giving a fillip to speculation on the great race of the year. For the Two Thousand Guineas, Lancastrian is nominally favourite, but when the various candidates begin to settle down in their places, it strikes us there will be a deal of chopping and changing, and we should not be surprised to see Ruperra at the head of quotations before the day, seeing that his best form is far ahead of all except Cadogan's, and already Mr. Houldsworth's somewhat delicate chestnut has shown signs of coming to the front. Discord may have shown how he has progressed through a public performance at Liverpool after these remarks are in type, but he cannot be reckoned a first-class animal as yet, and he will need all the improvement alleged to have been wrought in him since October last, before he can hope for more than a place. Cadogan holds his own fairly well, but Lord Freddy is wily enough to keep his backers upon thorns, and there is no saying what tactics are likely to be pursued with the Findon colt, who may change hands before the day, several gentlemen having been named as anxious to negotiate for him, in which operation they will require the tact of a Bismarck and the skill of a Gortschakoff if they would get the best of the bargain with so keen a turf diplomatist as the owner of Cadogan. Many appear to fancy Gunnersbury, but we shall be bold enough to discard this rather lumbering hope of the Rothschilds, and to declare in favour of Rayon d'Or against him, should both be brought out to do battle on the Rowley Mile. Marshal Scott, too, might be wanted for this event, if the Heath House stable is to be worthily represented, for not even the prestige of Lord Falmouth can exalt Charibert into anything higher than the representative of respectable mediocrity.

So far it has been a capital foaling season, the only "heritage of woe" left behind it by the foal epidemic of last year being a larger proportion than usual of barren mares. From many different quarters we hear of foals being dropped from a fortnight to three weeks before their time, but most of the "little strangers" have done well notwithstanding, which is a sure sign there is nothing radically wrong with their dams. Another peculiarity of the season is the large number of colts dropped in proportion to fillies, whereas of late years the preponderance has been in favour of the softer sex. Pero Gomez begot nearly all "male children" last year, and he is very sure and certain with his mares, a fact of which breeders should not fail to take note. All that is wanted now is a cessation of the cruel March winds, and a transformation scene from the prolonged horrors of winter to "realms of eternal spring," as the bills of the pantomime say. Those who advocate May foals (and none earlier) will have the laugh of their brethren this year; but it is the old story of competition among breeders as to who shall bring up the biggest and most precocious yearlings, and so "early buds" are still diligently sought to be cultivated. *Video meliora proboque: deteriora sequor* is a motto which may not inaptly be applied to those who breed for public sale; but there is this to be said in favour of their endeavours to secure January foals, that purchasers emphatically demand something of good size and forward in condition, turning up their noses at weakly specimens, and declining to be influenced by considerations of a late date of foaling. It is in vain that precedents continue to be cited of racers of high class which have been dropped in May and June; the cry is still for big, bony, beefy babies, and the breeder must lay himself out to satisfy such tastes, or suffer others to give him the go-by. It is just like the craving for "fashionable fatlings" which must be satisfied; and so things will be, until a rush into the other extreme takes place, which may not be long delayed.

In some respects it seemed a good arrangement on the part of the Lincoln authorities to devote the opening day of their meeting to cross-country business, seeing that that kind of sport mostly holds out merely local attractions, thus giving time to the general attendance of visitors to settle down into their places before the curtain rose upon the first act of the legitimate drama of the year. However, the idea does not appear to have been generally approved, and there has been a good deal of grumbling because the "big wigs" assembled at Blankney preferred (and in our opinion very wisely) the comforts of their "ain fireside" to standing in shivering contemplation of races possessing only

the merest shadow of public interest. The sight of a silk jacket fluttering in the icy blasts which swept over Carholme was almost sufficient to induce rheumatism and catarrh, and the boldest shrunk from the occupation of their usual coign of vantage on roofs and galleries of the stand. The outside show of pleasure seekers was meagre in the extreme, and it must become a matter of serious consideration for the powers that be, whether the meeting is benefited by an admixture of jumping, which can be enjoyed to the full at the end of the week at Liverpool. Puck had his Union Jack lowered by Broomstick in the Gone Away Plate, being unable to concede him 33lb for the year; and the favourite Skyscraper had again to put up with second place in the Full Cry Steeplechase, standing no chance with the Convict, who won by any number of lengths. The Vevette gelding and Gossip had to try conclusions twice before the Selling Hunters' Race was decided in favour of the former, another of the despised outsiders; but the selected ones fared better in the two succeeding events, Iron Duke securing the Elsham Hurdle Race, and Holstein carrying Mr. Marris to victory (for the second time of asking during the afternoon) in the Selling Hunters' Steeplechase. The Doddington Hunters' Hurdle Race fell to Huntingfield, beating the more fancied Liris and Cock Robin, and so ended the day's doings, which were neither of an enjoyable nor interesting character, save to the bold yeomen of the Fens.

Backers may be said to have commenced the legitimate season most auspiciously, seeing that they made Bondsman a good favourite for the Batthyany Stakes, which he won without an effort from Zanoni and Ranald M'Eagh; and in the Hunters' Hurdle Race Reredos ought clearly to have beaten Holstein but for his blunder at the final obstacle. Then Morier lost his maidenhood in the Trial Stakes, after running "all over the shop," and showing the proverbial softness of his race, though his success gave Touchet a further lift in the quotations for the big race of to-morrow. The result of the Brocklesby Trial Plate faithfully reflected the betting thereon, Fiddlestring, Miriam, and Little Duck having the call of all the rest, and on the first-named Archer got home very readily from his stable-companion, thus making the lucky jockey's first mount of the season a winning one, and it is needless to add that his hand has not lost one whit of its cunning. Lady Lovelace was the selected of the talent in the Sudbrooke Selling Plate, but Anonyma held Captain Patrick's filly safe all the way, and Wyatt had to bid up to 185 guineas as her "retaining fee." Then came the Brocklesby, for which, as usual, many found backers, the lengthy Khabara heading the quotations, while Haggis was served up pretty warm by Peck's people, and a good deal of money went on Nightcap, a Palmer filly, had a good word for in her yearling days at Easton Lodge, and she is out of one of the Cobham cast-offs, the rarely-bred Slumber. Conquete is a rough-and-ready style of filly, with a double cross of Birdcatcher, and staying is clearly her forte, as she only came through at last and wore down Khabara and Nightcap, which pair the judge was unable to separate. King's County will doubtless pick up a small race or two, and there were other likely looking youngsters in the field, which gave no trouble to the starter for once in a way. Hardrada easily settled Oldbuck in the Blankney Plate, and as regards quotations for the handicap it was pretty much "as you were." Cradle coming in for the lion's share of support, and Kineton showing a reviving aspect.

On Wednesday Zanoni reversed positions with Bondsman in the Yarborough Plate, the extra weight telling upon the last-named; and again we saw Fiddlestring and Fred Archer successful in the Stonebow Plate over the outsiders Don Amadeo and Serape. The favourite, Monachus, had nothing to do with the finish in the Castle Selling Plate, which fell to Restore (whose pedigree reads like Mentmore all over), and T. Green did well to secure so useful a horse for 220 guineas. The advance of Cradle to the position of first favourite, and the support accorded to Aventurier, were the features in the betting previous to the big race; but St. Augustine had to beat a retreat at last, though he fully realised our expectations of his turning out the best of Blanton's lot, and ran very creditably considering that his impost was none of the most lenient. Touchet pulled through only by the skin of his teeth from the despised outsider Mars, while Sir Joseph was close handy, with Drumhead and St. Augustine fourth and fifth. Rosy Cross looked dangerous for three parts of the journey, but Thunderstone ran the same moderate horse as ever, and we regret ever having been induced to stand such a brute, after having "crabbed" him so many times. Cradle ran only respectably, and finished upsides with Balbriggan; while The Monk, as usual, disappointed his backers. Peck has begun the season well, as he did last year, and Lord Rosebery must have been pleased to see Constable associated with the victory of Touchet, as he had been with that of Controversy. In the Lincoln Cup odds were laid on Nightcap, but she was early in trouble, and Macaria, another Easton Lodge bred one, had to fight out the issue with Tafna, Count Lagrange and his former ally, M. Lefevre, being found in vigorous opposition. Subsequently Tafna walked over, and backers left the scene of action on good terms with themselves, having "spotted" the winners of the Lindum Steeplechase and the Hunters' Flat Race in Goldfinder and The Owl, neither of which caused them any anxiety.

Northampton holds out its usual attractions for next week, and it is gratifying to find this old-established *réunion* so thoroughly "rejuvenated" by judicious treatment, and that after it appeared to have joined the ranks of defunct and disestablished fixtures. Strange to say, there are comparatively few of the Brocklesby candidates entered for the Althorp Park Stakes, only Beverley, Regent Murray, and Knight of Athol being competent to try conclusions again with Khabara, who should manage to earn a winning bracket, though the Song is reported to have pleased his grace of Hamilton in a gallop. Earl Spencer's Plate will witness the usual scramble, but it is dangerous to meddle with these short cuts so long beforehand, so we may pass by the race with the remark that the best of Robert Peck's lot might be worth trusting. The Northamptonshire Cup (1 mile) boasts a capital entry, what with Avontes, Aventurier, Sir Joseph, Isonomy, Midlothian, Placida, and Kaleidoscope, of which we must declare our preference for Sir Joseph; while the Auction Stakes on the second day might fall to King's County, though doubtless a large field will be found in opposition to Count Festetic's colt. The Whittlebury Cup is a five-furlong spin, and might prove interesting in case of Red Hazard, Lollypop, Placida, Flavius, and Sword Knot meeting to try conclusions, but most of these may be absentees, and we give Placida a slight preference over Major Stapylton's filly. As regards the Great Northamptonshire Stakes, we can see nothing in the list of contents with any pretensions to stay the two miles but Snail, and we shall be bold enough to stand Lord Rosebery's horse, win or lose, at Liverpool to-day, while of the rest we hear good accounts of Exmouth and Sousie Queen. The remaining events we need not allude to, nor shall we venture a prophecy upon any of the events at Croydon, Warwick, or Croxton Park.

Thursday Noon.

SKYLARK.

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]





A SPIN WITH A SCRATCH CREW KINGSTON.



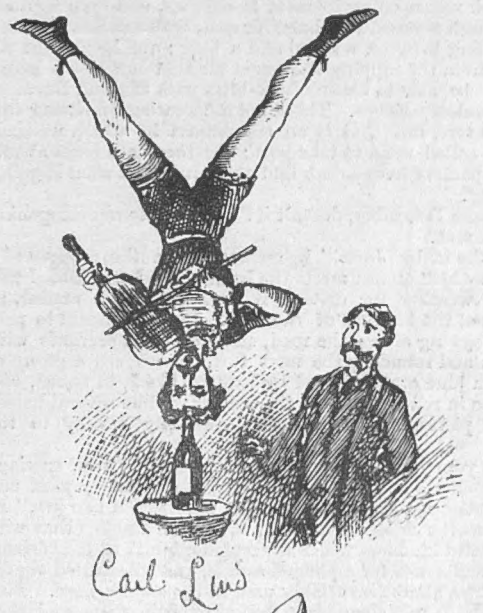
CANTAB FOR PRACTICE



BRINGING IN THEIR BOAT

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOATRACE—CREWS TRAINING.

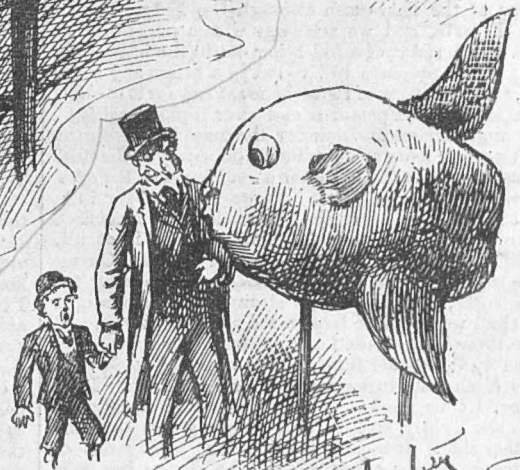




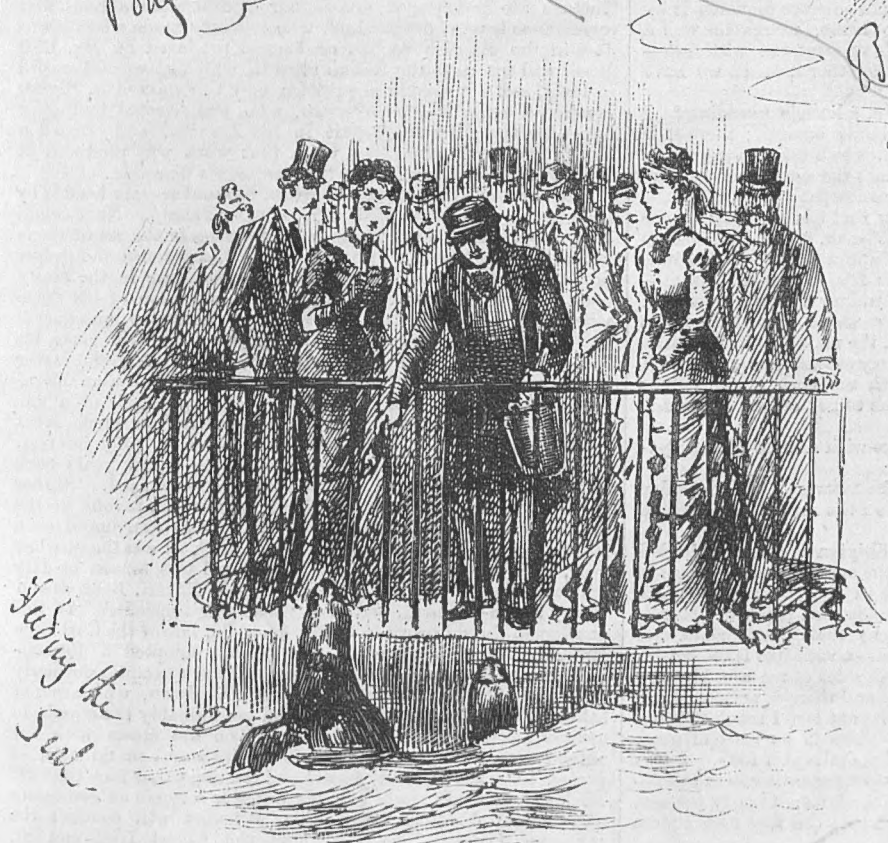
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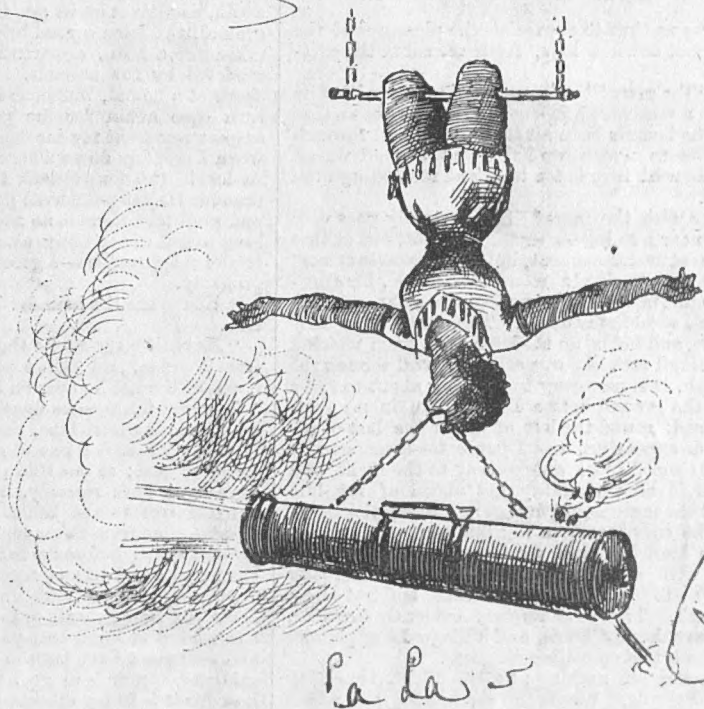
*Blondin*



*a lesson in natural history*



*Feeding the Seal*



*La la*

*John Sullivan  
della*



## SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

## No. XII.—AN UNLUCKY RIDER: THROWN OUT.

It is cold as we drive to the Meet, bitterly and—for the 24th of March—cruelly cold. The wind whistles round the turned-up collar of my great coat, and has a most offensive habit of finding its way through interstices. The Huntsman of the famous pack we are going to meet is driving, and even he finds it cold, though arrayed in a huge fur coat, which makes him look like something between a sheep and a bear; and he shelters me somewhat from the nipping and eager air that cuts like a knife, or I should be able to discuss frost-bites with Captain Burnaby from personal experience. This is not the weather for sitting still outside a covert, but that is an amusement in which we shall scarcely be called upon to take part; for there are foxes about, and if any pack of hounds can find them it is that what is going to try to-day.

"Looks like December, doesn't it?" I growl to my companion on the hind seat.

"Feels like it, by Jove!" he answers, from the recesses of a high collar which almost meets the brim of his hat. But if this be not the weather for driving it does not much matter, as driving is not the business of the day. Soon we begin to pass horsemen jogging along the road, some of them servants with led horses; and rounding the next turning we see a group of horsemen in blue coats relieved by buff, in black, in tweed, and two or three in red to brighten the picture; while several horsewomen in picturesque habits add charming variety to the scene.

"That's yours—the chestnut mare before the next carriage there," says my host's son, as I laboriously unload myself and doff the protecting great coat. "I'm sure you'll like her," he continues, as the chestnut mare is led up, and I notice that with the thoughtful kindness which my friend inherits he has remembered my preference for a padded saddle, and substituted one for the plain flaps almost invariably used in the stables here. Poor Whyte-Melville was eloquent in favour of plain flaps, and they are doubtless most comfortable and convenient to those accustomed to them, but to men who are used to padded saddles, the substitution of the unpadded flaps makes the rider wonder where he is going to on the other side of even a little jump.

On the chestnut mare's easy saddle I am soon seated, and gladly accept the suggestion of a gallop round a big grass field to set the blood in brisk circulation. Eagerly the mare springs forward, and I at once experience the delights of a perfect mount. The free and bounding stride is so smooth and easy, she skims the inequalities of the field so gently, plays with her bit so good-temperedly, and answers every touch of the rein so willingly—altogether a hunter in ten thousand. The exercise restores the healthy glow to a half-frozen body. Fingers may still be cold, but on such a glorious mare as this he must indeed be an ungracious churl who would find fault with wind, weather, or any sublimity ill; and besides, in advance of us trot eighteen couple of hounds. The Huntsman has abandoned the thick furs for the glories of green and gold, and down the lane we merrily trot with a joyful expectation of what is to come. The hounds turn in at a gate and trot gaily towards a covert to the left; the Master, some half-dozen horsemen with him, follows a little way and checks his horse, while the bulk of us wait for what is going to happen next. And we have not to wait long. The Master takes his horse by the head and gallops on in answer to the halloo which has rung through the keen, sharp air; some of the field crash through the hedge, others crowd through the gate, and we are away with a vengeance at a rattling pace. The story of a fox lying out in the hedge was true enough, and if he proposes to live out in a hedge any more—or elsewhere, for the matter of that—he must run for it to-day.

Away we stream over the pastures and over a ploughed field by way of a change, my enthusiasm for the mare increasing at every stride. We are in a big meadow now, and surely as the field approach the middle of it there is some sort of break in the even pace of the horses. A ditch? Yes. As we come nearer I see it, and the next moment we are on the other side. Had I not seen it I should hardly have known that we had crossed it at all, with such slight exertion does the mare bound over it. On we go, the field now breaking into two divisions, one making for the gate to the right, and the other steaming away straight ahead. What shall we do? The fence is the most direct way, and on such a mare there is no excuse for hesitation. To it we come. A couple of men fly it, another jumps short; his horse catches his fore legs in the ditch and turns over. Our turn now! Here is an easy place, let us see how Village Lass will manage it. On to the bank she lightly springs and simply glides over the ditch on the other side. It is just like handing a lady out of a carriage—no more fuss or exertion, and she shakes her little head as she gallops over the field beyond. These are, indeed, moments to live for, carried on such a mare across such a country; for that she will go all day, and like it the better the farther she goes, I have been assured on the most unimpeachable authority.

A slight check gives us time to appreciate the pleasures of the moment more fully, and down a lane, fresh stoned in the cart-ruts, we trot.

"How do you like the mare?" asks my host's son, and before I have time to frame a sentence, a movement in front shows that something is up. The hounds have hit it off again, and through the gateway opposite to which we have just arrived we all stream; for the stone wall here is too high and forbidding even for the careless ones.

What is the matter with the mare? She certainly goes very lame indeed on her near fore leg—a stone, no doubt, out of that lane, unlucky enough at such a moment, but it is fortunate at least that I happened to bring to-day a stout, serviceable, hunting-crop with an iron handle, instead of the more smart and very much less useful silver one I sometimes carry. The mare knows why I have left my saddle, and holds up the lame foot, from which I speedily detach the small rock she was carrying, and though she stands quietly enough, it is necessary to turn her about to get a little advantage in the ground before I am again in my seat. There is a covert ahead, round the left of which the last of my detachment is just disappearing, and I pause for a moment to consider. The field seemed to be going away to the right, and if I go too, I shall in all probability get ahead of my late companions, so I set the mare going and gallop along the fence, intending to skirt the covert to join in; but here, at any rate, it is plain why the knowing ones went the other way. An impenetrable fence with a ditch towards me most effectually bars the way, and so to the right again I turn, and trot along to find a way through. There is a stream, evidently fordable, by the marks of many horses' hoofs, and Village Lass paddles through, landing again in a spreading meadow.

I look to the left, and see nothing; to the right, expecting and finding the same result. Where are the hounds, and where the field? A couple of rustics are looking hard; one is pointing off in the distance, and to them I gallop.

"Seen the hounds?" I ask.

"No, sir; but we seen the fox!" one of them replies. "He come out by that there oak tree, run along the ditch, and jumped out by that bush, and went across the corner

of the field along that hedge, sir. Fine big fox he was, too," both of them declare in breathless haste.

"A dog fox, was he?" I ask.

"I don't know, sir—warn't near enough to see; but he was a rare big 'un," the first speaker replies. And so I sit still, expecting every moment to hear the voices of the hounds, and the familiar sound of their passage through the crackling undergrowth.

The rustics continue their way, leaving me alone, waiting and listening. Where are the hounds? I wonder, and the query is unsatisfied. Where the deuce are those hounds? Nothing happens to inform me. Where the devil can those hounds have got to? I presently feel justified in inquiring, while the mare pricks her ears as if she would help if she could, but cannot. My friends possibly saw a fox, but not the one that was being hunted.

On ahead, or back the way I came and after the last men I saw? Back seems safest, perhaps, as I have no certain knowledge of the direction the others took; and back I go, across the stream, cut the corner of the field, round the corner, and see—nothing! A man ploughing in the distance with a span of oxen apparently, and no other living creatures in the landscape except a couple of rooks. Yet there is? Yes! A man in the middle of the next field, pointing at something straight before him for the edification, so far as I can see, of no one in particular. Up to him I canter, and as we approach pull up suddenly with, I fear, a not altogether moral exclamation. *The man is a scarecrow*, and knows precisely as much about the hounds as I do myself. The ploughman may possibly be better informed, and to him I go next.

"Seen the hounds?" I ask.

"I see 'em one day last week, sir; I ain't seen 'em since," he answers quite seriously, for I look sharply at him to see whether there be any humour lurking under his stolid countenance. Suddenly, moreover, it strikes me that it is uncommonly cold, a fact which I had lately forgotten; and in what direction to jog in order to find my friends I had no vestige of an idea. The whole hunt had passed away like a dissolving view.

On I trotted, straight forward, and for a long time met no one. At length a labourer with a bundle of faggots on his shoulder came in sight, but "Noa, sur," was his answer to my question whether he had seen the hounds. This was some guide, but a very small one, and turning a little aside from the way he had come we trotted on till we reached the high road.

"Seen the hounds?" I asked the driver of a waggon, and the irritating answer, "Noa, sur," came out once again. There in a field to the left are some men, and up to them I ride and put my question.

"Noa, sur, but I seen a fox. He come out of that withy bed, and run across the field," one of them answered; but I have no intention of going on a solitary expedition in search of a fox, and once more pursue my lonely way. A big town is not far in front; into this and over a bridge we go, and then into the country beyond. Possibly we may be more lucky this side of the river.

"Seen the hounds?" I once more ask a labourer.

"Oi bleeve ourds goa-up sheepen wod," he answers.

"What do you say, my man?" I ask in a friendly way, for there may be some information under this mystic utterance.

"Oi bleeve ourds goa-up sheepen wod way a," he slowly replies, and I feel that a continuance of the conversation can hardly be productive of beneficial results.

"Ah! yes, thank you," I answer, and go on my unenlightened way.

At any rate he did not say, "Noa, sur," and that was something, so with hope faintly re-illuminated, I trot on down the road. A waggoner is coming towards me.

"Seen the hounds?" I ask.

"Noa, sir," he returns, and the faint hope is again extinguished. In front, however, I see a farmer who has just come out of a field into the road, and to him I put the too familiar question.

"I heard them just now, sir. They've gone on to Shipton Wood," he says.

"Thank you!" I return heartily. "Whereabouts is that?"

"That big wood you see over there, sir," he answers. "If you go down the road for about half a mile you will find a lane leading to it." And with another, "Thank you very much," away I trot once more. There is the lane, surely enough; in fact there are two lanes, and which did he mean? Both lead to gates into fields, and either seems equally direct to the wood. This one to the right is perhaps the best, and though the gate will not open, a convenient gap lets me through. But the other side of the field there is a big, thick, black bull-finch, and much as I desire to be the other side of the fence, I do not propose to reach it by the rash expedient of jumping. No horse, unless he was a cannon-ball—to paraphrase Sir Boyle's unconscious witticism—could make certain of arriving, and altogether it seems we have taken the wrong road.

But stay! Surely to the right, there, a horn is sounding? I can see nothing, but can hear it plainly enough; there it is again, so after it let us go. On we canter to a farm on the rising ground, and from a yard behind it comes the sound I have mistaken for a horn, apparently an unconcerted piece of music rendered by the animals. Certainly there is nothing in the shape of a hound, much less of a huntsman, and I am about to turn once again for the path to Shipton Wood—that I now suspect was what my incoherent rustic friend was driving at—when I actually do see a horseman descending the slope before me. At last! It is four o'clock I see by my watch, but there is yet time for the long-deferred gallop, and the mare has had so little real work that there is no need to seek my second horse; besides, I long to feel her striding along beneath me once again. The stranger approaches—a groom he seems to be: second horseman, probably.

"Where are the hounds?" I inquire with a smile of anticipation.

"Haven't come across them, sir," he answers. "I've ridden from Newton, and didn't pass them on the road;" and with a touch of the hat he goes on his way.

The best thing to be done is to try Shipton Wood, and back I go down the green lane, and along the course indicated by the farmer. There is a line of gates, and in this country gates are easily opened; so one side of the wood is soon reached. Horses have been here recently, it is clear by their hoof-prints, and down I trot to the banks of a pond—a veritable lake—which separates me from the covert. On both sides of me are impenetrable fences; before me is the water, and there is nothing for it but to turn and retrace my way. When at last I reach Shipton Wood—to make a long story short—there is no trace of man, horse, or hound, and it is more than half-past four. I was thrown out at about half-past twelve—rather earlier than later—and ever since have been in search of the hunt. Clearly the best thing to do now is to go home, and I ask the first man I meet how far it is to my destination.

"About eight miles, sir," he says, and I trot on for some twenty minutes, and ask once more if this is the way? It is. "And how far?" "Rather better than eight miles, sir," is the answer. On again for a long trot, and another inquiry.

"About five miles, sir," I am now told, and after riding some distance further and asking again, am told that it is "nigh

upon six." Elastic as the road may be it is straight, so on we pound for nearly an hour, when I once more inquire.

"You should have turned down to the left more than a mile back, sir," I am informed by the girl whose assistance I have now sought, and when at length I get into the park, and have lost my way again, the house appears in sight, and I gallop down a grassy avenue to the stables.

In a huge easy-chair, by a comfortable fire, I recover my temper somewhat, and strive to believe that the future has in store many, or at least several, of such days as I have missed; and the immediate prospect of an excellent dinner after a hard day's work reconciles me to inquiries as to "wherever I could have got to?" and "whatever I could have been doing?"

"We've had such a charming day—no standing about, galloping all the time," an enthusiastic young lady who has held her own upon a "gallant grey" informs me.

Good and bad luck come in something like sandwiches in this possibly wicked, but not altogether unpleasant, world, and I console myself with the reflection that Fate owes me a good gallop to compensate for the day when I was THROWN OUT!

March 25, 1879.

RAPIER.

## MUSIC.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MR. MAPLESON'S absence in America has not prevented him from making complete arrangements for the ensuing season at Her Majesty's Opera, and his prospectus presents many features of interest for musicians, as well as the general public. The season will commence on Saturday, 26th April, and the subscription extends to thirty nights; but, of course, a large number of extra performances will be given, and after the end of April the theatre will be open every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. No announcement is made respecting the chorus and band, but their efficiency is implied in the re-acceptance by Sir Michael Costa of the important post of conductor and musical director. No less than 46 principal vocalists are announced, and the list of their names will repay perusal.

The most attractive name in the list is that of Madame Christine Nilsson, whose absence was severely felt last season. She is a "tower of strength," and we may expect to see her in some important "dramatic" rôles, from which she was excluded during the career of the great lyric *tragedienne* whose loss is still deplored. In Gluck's *Armida* and Rossini's *Semiramide* she will find scope for the dramatic powers she has manifested in the rôles of Valentina, Margherita, and Desdemona. Her return to Her Majesty's Opera is a source of general congratulation. Madame Gerster is re-engaged, and also Mdles. Hauk, Ambre, Salla, and Madame Marie Roze. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will make her re-appearance after an absence of nearly ten years, during which period she has gathered laurels and dollars in her native country, and has become more than ever popular as an exponent of English opera. Madame Vanzini will be a valuable recruit, and five *débütantes* are announced—Mdles. Stelzer, Cristofani (who was promised last season), Libia Drog, Lido, and Marie Van Zandt. The last-named young lady—daughter of Madame Vanzini—very recently made a most successful *début* at the King's Theatre, Turin, as Zerlina in *Il Don Giovanni*, and was not only encored in her duet and in each of her solos, but was recalled again and again by a severely critical audience, who had in the same evening hissed the representative of Donna Anna off the stage! Mdle. Van Zandt has been carefully trained for the lyric stage, and is not only endowed with an exceptionally beautiful voice, but sings in polished style. Those who had the pleasure of listening to her in private musical circles last season, in London, anticipate that she will rapidly become a popular favourite. Mesdames Parodi, Crosmond, Pisani, and Robiati will render useful aid.

The list of contraltos includes the names of Madame Trebelli—deservedly popular with all frequenters of Her Majesty's Opera—Mesdames Lablache and Dolby-Boetti, and Mdle. Tremelli, the Viennese contralto (Fraulein Tremel), whose splendid voice took every one by surprise last season, when she made her London *début* as the Goatherd in *Diinorah*.

The list of eleven tenors commences with the name of Signor Fancelli, and concludes with that of Signor Campanini. M. Candidus will make his *entrée*, and, it may be hoped, in better condition to do himself justice than last season, when he rapidly succumbed to the "ethereal mildness" of the English spring. Signor Brignoli is re-engaged, after an absence of three years, possibly that he may show "how fields were won" a few decades back. MM. Runcio, Frapoli, Grazzi, and Dudley Thomas are re-engaged, and Signor Tecchi will make his first appearance here. Signor Leli, who recently made a success as José in the English version of *Carmen* produced by Mr. Carl Rosa, will return to the Italian rôles in which he was successful in Italy, and a valuable acquisition may be expected in Signor Masini, a tenor *di primo catterlo*, who was selected by Signor Verdi for the chief tenor part in his *Requiem*, and created a highly favourable impression when that work was produced at the Royal Albert Hall, under the composer's direction.

The barytones and basses—fourteen in number—are headed by the popular and accomplished Signor Del Puente. Next comes Signor Galassi, who has made rapid progress in the art of vocalisation during the last two years, and has learned the proper production of high notes, instead of persevering in the faulty open style which threatened the rapid destruction of his voice when he first visited England. Signor Rota is also announced, and an English barytone, Mr. William Carleton, will make his first appearance here in Italian Opera, after a successful career in America, as principal barytone in English and Italian opera. He will be remembered in London as the possessor of a fine voice, and as a good actor. It is said that he has made great progress in his art, and his *début* will awaken lively interest. Signor Medini, who made a good impression a few years back as the Duke in *Lucrezia Borgia*, will be welcomed. Signor Ordinas, the Spanish barytone who last year won favour at the Royal Italian Opera, is announced; he is also announced as a member of the Royal Italian Opera company, as was the case last year, and it is doubtful if he will be heard this season at Her Majesty's Opera. MM. Franceschi, Zoboli, Roveri, Behrens and Thierry are re-engaged, and also "Monsieur Snazelli." If this gentleman should prove to be Mr. Snazelle, late of the Carl Rosa company, it is to be regretted that he has adopted a French-Italian appellation, instead of following the examples formerly set by Mr. Santley, and recently by Mr. Carleton, who are not ashamed of their English names, and are probably the equals in artistic merit of Monsieur Snazelli. The list closes with the valued name of Signor Foli, whose merits stand in no need of praise. We have already mentioned the important fact that Sir Michael Costa will again give his valuable services as conductor and musical director. Sir Julius Benedict will conduct the "Summer Concerts" to be given at the Albert Hall and St. James's Hall, and will in other ways give the kind of aid which for many years he rendered to the late Mr. F. Gye.

The repertory of the season will consist of selections from a list of 29 operas, all more or less popular, and of the following eight works which are positively promised; Verdi's *Aida*, Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*, and his *Semiramide*, Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix*,



Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, Gluck's *Armida*, Boito's *Meftistofle*, and Wagner's *Rienzi*. In Verdi's opera we shall probably see Mlle. Ambre, the Moorish artist, as the heroine; in *La Gazza Ladra* and *Linda*, Miss Kellogg; in *Armida* and *Semiramide*, Madame Christine Nilsson, who will also probably take the chief rôle in Gluck's long-promised opera. *Meftistofle* has created a great sensation in Italy, and it is the work of a musician from whom great things may be expected. *La Forza del Destino* must have been greatly improved if it has been altered so as to become enjoyable; *Rienzi* is most likely announced because of the magnificent *mise-en-scène* conveniently at hand. Mr. Mapleson has shown even more than his customary energy in making his preparations for the ensuing season, and may fairly anticipate a large amount of public support.

Madame Adelina Patti is announced to appear at the Royal Italian Opera, in the course of the ensuing season, as *Zelika*, in *L'Africaine*. The chief rôles in M. Massenet's opera *Le Roi de Lahore* will be entrusted to Madame Cepeda, Signor Gayarré, and M. Lassalle. The *Romeo and Juliet* in the *Marquis d'Ivry*'s opera *Les Amants de Vérone* will be M. Capoul and Mlle. Heilbron. No further announcements have been made respecting *Le Pré aux Clercs*, which, we fear, will again be postponed in favour of inferior works. The season will commence next Tuesday week.

The Carl Rosa Opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre closed on Saturday last, when *Rienzi* was repeated for the fifteenth time. During the season, which commenced on Monday, 27th January, 55 performances took place. The operas selected were Wagner's *Rienzi*, Guiraud's *Piccolino*, Bizet's *Carmen*, Gounod's *Faust*, *The Huguenots*, by Meyerbeer, *Maritana*, by Vincent Wallace, *The Golden Cross*, by Herr Ignaz Brüll, *The Lily of Killarney*, by Sir Julius Benedict, and *The Bohemian Girl*, by Balfe. The most successful of these works, *Carmen*, was performed 17 times; the least successful, *The Golden Cross*, only once. The season was in every way successful, and the Carl Rosa Opera Company is more firmly than ever established in public favour. After a much-needed rest, the company will resume its operations on the 11th of August next, in the provinces.

Mr. Mapleson's Opera Company will arrive in England from New York about ten days before the opening of Her Majesty's Opera.

Miss Julia Gaylord, Miss Josephine Yorke, and Mr. F. Packard will leave England a few days hence on a visit to their relatives in America, and will return to England prior to the reassembling of the Carl Rosa Opera Company in August next.

At the Philharmonic Society's fourth concert, given last week at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cousins, Herr Joachim played a second time the new violin concerto by Herr J. Brahms. Herr Joachim's playing was marvellous, but it was a pity that so much skill and labour should be employed on unprofitable materials. Beethoven's 4th concerto (in G) for pianoforte was finely played by Mlle. Janotha, and the programme also included Schumann's "Rhine" symphony, and Weber's overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits*, with vocal selections sung by Mrs. Osgood.

The New Philharmonic Society will this year be under the sole direction of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, who has put forth an attractive prospectus of five concerts, to be given on Saturday afternoons, April 26, May 10 and 24, and June 7 and 21. Mr. Charles Hallé, Dr. Van Bülow, M. St. Saëns, and the Spanish violinist, Sarasate, are already engaged; and that exquisite pianist, Madame Annette Essipoff, will return to the London admirers by whom her absence during the last three years has been lamented.

The Blackheath Orchestral Society gave performances of Handel's *Messiah* at the Concert Hall, Lee, on Monday last and the previous Thursday, assisted by Madame Nouver, Mrs. Patey, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Thieler. The band and chorus numbered over 200 performers, and the concerts—ably conducted by Mr. Alfred Burnet—were remarkably successful.

At the Saturday Popular Concert of last week, Balfe's posthumous sonata for pianoforte and violoncello was heard for the first time in public, with Miss Zimmerman and Signor Piatti as interpreters. The favourable opinion we expressed of the work when under review was fully confirmed by the success of this first public performance of it.

An English adaptation of Hervé's operetta, *Poulet and Poulette*, with Miss Emily Soldene in the chief character, will be produced this afternoon at the Gaiety Theatre.

An English adaptation, by Mr. H. B. Farnie, of Offenbach's *Madame Favart* will be produced at the Strand Theatre on Saturday, April 12.

The English adaptation, by Mr. Henry Hersee, of Aimé Maillart's opera, *Les Dragons de Villars*, to be produced at the opening of the Folly Theatre by Madame Selina Dolaro, will be entitled *The Dragons*.

An English adaptation, by Mr. Henry S. Leigh, of *Le Grand Casimir*, is in preparation, and will probably be produced at the Gaiety Theatre.

Miss Mulholland, a pupil of Signor Vascetti, made a successful debut on the operatic stage as the Gipsy Queen in *The Bohemian Girl* at the last performance of that opera by the Carl Rosa Company. Miss Mulholland has a mezzo-soprano voice of good quality, sings with taste, acts with considerable grace and intelligence, and is not unlikely to take a good position on the lyric stage.

A capital little work has just been published by Messrs. Rivington and Co. It is entitled "An Introduction to Form and Instrumentation," and contains a quantity of interesting information, calculated to assist amateurs as well as students in the comprehension and enjoyment of every kind of vocal and instrumental composition. The author is Mr. W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac. Oxon, and Vicar Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral. He may be complimented with having combined brevity with clearness, and on having—like Goldsmith—"put as much into a book as the book could possibly hold."

Madame Rose Hersee stayed one day at the Cape of Good Hope (February 22nd), en route for Melbourne, and was tempted by a liberal offer from Captain Disney Roebuck to sing at a morning concert in the Theatre Royal. Her success was brilliant, and she was compelled to sing eight times, owing to encores and double encores. One of the Cape Town papers, the *Evening Programme*, publishes her portrait, copied—without acknowledgment—from our front-page illustration of the 11th of January.

Signor Mario, who was reported by the Paris *Gaulois* to be insane, and confined in a lunatic asylum, is now said to be in excellent mental and bodily health. Surely it would not be difficult to trace lies of this kind to their source, and to hold up the hatcher of such lies to contempt.

Sir Michael Costa's oratorio, *Eli*, was announced for performance last night at Exeter Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society under the direction of the composer.

Mr. Sidney Smith's pianoforte recitals are always attractive. The programme of the recital announced for Wednesday last at St. James's Hall contained selections from the pianoforte works of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, and Raff, six new pianoforte works by Mr. Sidney Smith, and vocal music, sung

by two popular foreign artists, Mrs. Osgood and Madame A. Sterling.

A series of four vocal and instrumental concerts of a popular character will be given at the Birkbeck Literary Institution, under the direction of Mr. Stedman, commencing on Saturday evening, April 5.

## THE DRAMA.

### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MR. GILBERT has made a bold experiment in taking the Faust legend as the basis of a drama, and few plays in recent years have been looked forward to with more interest than was *Gretchen*, his new piece, produced at the Olympic on Monday night. Of course, such an attempt naturally provokes comparison with Goethe's treatment of the same subject, but Mr. Gilbert expressly disclaims any disrespect to the German poet's immortal work, and quotes Schlegel's dictum that it "purposely runs art in all directions beyond the dimensions of the theatre," and that it is, in fact, not an acting play. So much may be admitted, and without entering into the controversy whether it was wise for a modern dramatist to attempt a version of a story which had been consecrated, as it were, by the genius of Goethe, we may proceed to note how Mr. Gilbert has done his work. He has, as might have been expected, treated the story with considerable originality, as the following summary of the plot will show:—Faustus in this play is a priest, weary of the cloister, whose heart is fired by the description of Gretchen, and who invokes the aid of the fiend to set him free. Mephistopheles appears, and shows him Gretchen in a dream, and, kneeling to the bright apparition, Faustus swears to be guided by her instead of by his monastic superiors. It so happens, however, that Gretchen is the cousin of his friend Gottfried, who takes the place of Valentine, in Goethe's poem, and she is left to Faustus's care when Gottfried goes to the wars. In spite, however, of that trust Faust and Gretchen love each other, and all opportunities being afforded by Mephistopheles, that love is declared, and Gretchen falls. At last, however, Gretchen finds out that Faustus is a priest, and skinking from him with horror bids him leave her and go back to the cloister. He does so, but before he can escape Mephistopheles appears again, reminds him of his compact, which, though only a verbal one, the Devil with fine irony says he expects a churchman to keep. As a good specimen of Mr. Gilbert's work we quote the end of their interview, and the words in which Faustus defies Mephistopheles:—

GRET. Faustus, be not deceived.  
I love thee with my heart—my heart of hearts—  
My very death prayer shall be breathed for thee;  
But, though it rend my heart to keep my vow,  
As there is pardon for a penitent,  
I will not meet thine eyes on earth again!  
Nay, touch me not! God pardon thee! Farewell!

FAUST. My doom is spoken and I bow my head.  
So, Gretchen, let it be! At thy just bidding  
I go to death in life. There is a tomb  
In which a living, loving man may bury  
All but his aching heart. I go to it!

MEPHISTOPHELES has entered and overheard this.

MEPH. (to FAUST, who staggers to the wall)  
Why, how is this! does not the good work prosper?  
Come, come, take heart—'tis but a summer storm—  
A day, alone, will bring her to her senses.

FAU. Fiend, I renounce thee! Give me back myself.

MEPH. Nay, that's ungenerous—it is, indeed.

You are a churchman—my profound respect  
For all your cloth induced me to forego  
The customary writing. Satisfied

That I was dealing with a holy man,  
I asked no bond—I trusted to your honour.

And now, to take advantage of my weakness,  
And turn my much misplaced credulity  
Against myself—nay, 'tis unworthy of you!

FAU. Poor mocker, hold thy peace—let me go hence,  
Back to my cloister, back to the old blank life!

My eyes are opened and I see the gulf,  
The broad, black gulf, deep as the nether hell,  
To which thou leadest me! Release thy grasp—  
My heart is changed. Thou hast no hold on me—  
Accursed of God—our bond is at an end!

(Breaks from him, and rushes into the church.)

Gottfried comes home, and after proposing to Gretchen, he finds out her fall and vows to sheathe his sword in the heart of his false friend. In the last act we find Faustus returned to the monastery, and, in company with a certain Father Anselm, he has come to shrieve a dying girl. The penitent is Gretchen, and after a pathetic interview between the two Gottfried comes in and throwing Faustus a sword, challenges him to a duel. Faustus bids him strike, as he desires nothing so much as death, and Gottfried regretting that his sword should be employed in shedding "undefended blood," is about to slay him when Gretchen throws herself between them, and Gottfried, with some contemptuous words, leaves them. Then Gretchen dies as the early morning breaks into the room, and Faustus is left to his lifelong remorse.

Such is the outline of a play which will certainly increase Mr. Gilbert's reputation as one of the foremost contributors to the dramatic literature of the day. *Gretchen* is exceedingly well written. The blank verse flows evenly and well, and many lines are exceedingly vigorous and epigrammatic; indeed, the play contains some of the author's strongest work. Thus the drama reads well, but we are not so sure of its merits when we see it on the stage. It commands attention by virtue of the careful workmanship and thought bestowed upon it, but towards the end especially, the interest falls away, and while acknowledging conspicuous cleverness we can hardly predict for it an extended popularity. The acting was good. Miss Marion Terry looked Gretchen to the life, and played with much delicacy and tenderness. Here and there, perhaps, a little more power might have been shown, but on the whole, her performance was a very touching one. As Faustus Mr. Conway evidently did his best, but the part is one which needs a stronger and more experienced actor. As will be seen from the lines we have quoted, Faustus is a rôle which needs much dramatic intensity, and though his elocution has improved, Mr. Conway makes love, defies the fiend, and bids Gottfried strike home all in the same tone, and thus fails to do justice to the author's conception. Mr. Archer's Mephistopheles, on the other hand, was wholly admirable. He was emphatically the quiet, cynical, gentlemanly devil which Goethe (and Mr. Gilbert has wisely followed him in drawing this character) has given us, he played with infinite skill and self-possession, and, indeed, a better Mephistopheles could not have been found. When we add that Miss Maggie Brennan was an effective Martha, that Mr. J. Billington was a dashing Gottfried, and that Mrs. Beere gave due emphasis to the small part of Lisa, we shall have said all that is necessary of the remainder of the cast. The piece was cordially received on the first night, and all concerned, together with the author, were called before the curtain at the conclusion.

### ADELPHI THEATRE.

*The Hunchback* is always a useful stop-gap, and after the failure of *The Crimson Cross* it has been revived at the Adelphi, pending the production of *Amy Robsart*, with a better cast than is usually vouchsafed to it. Miss Neilson plays Julia well, though she is somewhat conventional, and we never seem to get

rid of the impression that she is acting. Mr. Henry Neville was a vigorous and rather too bustling Master Walter, and Mr. Hermann Vezin, as may be imagined, a thoroughly capable and satisfactory Sir Thomas Clifford. These two gentlemen, by the way, exchange parts on certain nights in the week, and those interested in such matters will have opportunities of comparing them. Miss Lydia Foote is a delightful Helen, but we would counsel her to "make up" a little more; and Mr. Harcourt a fair Modus. Mr. Flockton gave a new reading of the part of Lord Tinsel which was clever and entertaining. On the whole the piece went exceedingly well, and was received with much favour by a large audience. The next piece at the Adelphi, as we have said above, is to be the late Mr. Halliday's version of *Kenilworth*, which will be well put upon the stage, but is certainly not worth revival from a literary point of view, though it may please the pit and gallery.

Next Tuesday, April 1st, will be the 1,350th night of *Our Boys*. For the last night, which is positively coming near, Mr. Byron will write an epilogue, in which Messrs. James and Thorne will appear as Old Boys, and bid their parts farewell.

Mr. Toole is really going to take a theatre in London at no distant date, and Mr. George Loveday is busy inspecting leases.

Mr. Edgar Bruce opens at the Royalty with a new comedy entitled *Blue Blood*, and *The Zoo*.

As we announced some time ago, *The Lady of Lyons* will be the next production at the Lyceum. *The Corsican Brothers* will also be given, in which Mr. Irving should score heavily.

Miss Glyn has been reading Shakspeare at the Steinway Hall with much success.

Mr. Barry Sullivan has sent a cheque for one hundred guineas to the Shakspeare Memorial Fund.

A new adaptation of *La Fille de Famille*, entitled *The Queen's Shilling*, will shortly be given at the *matinées* at the Court Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the principal parts.

Miss Adeline Stanhope made a great success as Rosalind in Belfast last week.

After the Lyceum season Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Charles Kelly go on a tour with *The House of Darnley*, and a new play from the French.

Complimentary benefits are being organised for Mr. E. L. Blanchard and Mrs. Swanborough.

Mrs. Howard Paul has been most successful as Mrs. Denham in *The Crisis*, in the country. It is a part which suits her exactly, and she plays it with great verve.

Hervé's new opera-bouffe, *Poulet and Poulette*, will be given by Miss Emily Soldene and company, for the first time in England, at a morning performance at the Gaiety Theatre, on Saturday, March 29th.

*The Two Orphans* has been revived at the Park Theatre, where it attracts large audiences.

The farcical-comedy, *The Snob*, was on last Monday night produced at the Princess's Theatre, Manchester. On its first introduction to a provincial audience, and during the week, it has been well received. Mr. Charles Collette, an old favourite with the Manchester public, was most cordially received, and he fully sustained his reputation by his admirable impersonation of Felix Featherstone, the hero of the piece. He found an able colleague in that capital young actor, Mr. Lytton Sothorn, who, by his clever acting, invested the comparatively unimportant part of Prendergast with legitimate importance. Mr. Arthur Wood's Uncle John was a piece of real low comedy, whilst the ladies—Mesdames Rachel Sanger, D'Aguilar, and Maria Harris—were thoroughly satisfactory.

Mr. John Child, a young vocalist with a tenor voice of good quality and compass, has been singing with considerable success at the Brighton Aquarium concerts.

Sir Charles Young, who is very favourably known as the writer of several popular and successful dramatic works, has recently been engaged in the translation and arrangement, for English performance, of a French play of remarkable strength and interest. It is to be produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, May 6, for the benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. The translator will himself sustain an important part in the drama, and will be supported by many well-known amateurs, including Mrs. Monckton, Miss Lucy Williams, Sir William Wiseman, Captain FitzGeorge, Mr. Gerald Young, Mr. Samson, and Mr. Jos. Maclean.

Mrs. H. B. Conway (Miss Kate Phillips) is specially engaged by Mr. Hare to appear in *The Queen's Shilling* at the *matinées* at the Court Theatre.

On Tuesday, April 1, a recital of the English version of the Greek drama, *Alceste*, by Euripides, with music and choruses composed by Mr. Henry R. Gadsby, will be given at the Walworth Literary and Scientific Institution.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.--LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London. ADVT.

EAU FIGARO. The last scientific discovery for restoring faded and grey hair to its original colour. Cleansing, Harmless, Colourless. To prove that this is "bona-fide," if a sample of hair be sent before purchase of the preparation, stating original colour, the same will be returned completely restored. Prices 6s. and 6s. per bottle. Full particulars will be sent on application to the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W. ADVT.

SOZODONT.--The peerless Liquid Dentifrice; its use imparts the most fragrant breath; it beautifies, cleanses, and preserves the teeth in a surprising manner. It gives a delightfully fresh taste and feeling to the mouth, removing all Tartar and Scum from the Teeth, completely arresting the progress of decay, and whitening such parts as have already become black by decay or neglect. Impure breath caused by Bad Teeth, Tobacco, Spirits, or catarrh is neutralised by Sozodont. The price of the Fragrant Sozodont is 3s. 6d., put up in large bottles, fitted with patent sprinklers for applying the liquid to the tooth-brush. Each bottle is enclosed in a handsome toilet box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by JOHN M. RICHARDS, Great Russell-street, London. Observe the Name Sozodont on the box, label, and bottle. ADVT.

WORMS IN A RETRIEVER.--"Chatham, Kent, March, 21, 1878.--A week since I gave one of Naldire's Powders to my Retriever, having strictly attended to your instructions. I mixed it in two ounces of butter, and in about twenty minutes she evacuated at least half a pint of Tapeworms, some eight of which were over four feet in length. Her coat, which had grown woefully rusty, is now beautiful, and her general condition is wonderfully improved. The medicine is so thorough, yet so safe, that I feel great pleasure in recommending it to all who keep Dogs and value them.--Yours truly, LAFAYETTE HARRISON. To Messrs. Wright and Holdsworth." Naldire's Powders are sold by all Chemists, in packets 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. each, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street, London.--ADVT.

ANOTHER CURE OF COLD AND SORE THROAT (this week) BY DR. LOCKE'S PULMONIC WAFERS.--Mr. Wilkinson, Chemist, 35, Watson-street, Birkenhead, writes:--"Mr. Ravenscroft (a neighbour of mine) the other day took cold and throat, and was quite cured by one box."--Sold at 1s. 1½d., per box.

HEAL ALL!--For Bruises, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Lumbago, &c., no embrocation equals "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1½d. a bottle. [ADVT.]

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.--Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed times ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.--[ADVT.]





HARD PRACTICE.



## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

In times past, when we were all younger, and Mr. and Mrs. German Reed took active part in the management of their well-known establishment, it was known, like the work of your



Mr. German Reed and Miss Edith Brandon  
as "Madame Josephine" and "Gizelle."

humble servant, as a Gallery of Illustrations. It has, however, altered with the roll of the ages, and being moved from its original locality to St. George's Hall, falls into the hands of younger and more vigorous managers, and is now known as an



Mr. Alfred Bishop, as "Alderman Tubkyns"

"entertainment," just as the hoary-headed Captious Critic will alter when the hand that wields the glowing Gillott and the subtle etching point at present passes into well-earned repose and richly-deserved obscurity. It is not without reason

that Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain have altered the title from Illustration to Entertainment, for in the piece that at present occupies the little stage at St. George's Hall illustration plays but a small part. It is indeed, as it is described, a "vaudeville," in which the performers retain their characters throughout. *Grimstone Grange*, by Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, and Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, was produced for the first time something more than a week back. Until that occasion I had not visited German Reed's for many years. I have a very pleasant memory of a humorous piece by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, in which family portraits assumed animation, stepped from their respective frames, and took to dialogue. One "old master," the hand of which had been "restored" by a modern academician, and was in consequence crippled and useless, was especially entertaining. That was at the old gallery in Waterloo-place, where the audiences generally gave one the impression of good people gathered at an "at home," under the roof of a genial host and hostess, who had provided for the delectation of their guests some excellent charades. In the new quarters German Reed's entertainment has lost a good deal of this tone, and assumes more the character of a regular theatre, though the same audiences, containing many precious souls who would as soon enter a lion's den as a theatre, bless you, still rally round the time-honoured names. St. George's Hall is of a more capacious nature, and decorated as it now is, I think, if my memory serves me, displays a more gorgeous appearance than the former house. It is certainly vastly improved since one Sunday, earlier in the century by some years, I went to hear the Rev. Charles Voysey make his first appearance after his departure from the tenets of the accepted Church of England, and nervously deliver his new and original forms of worship. *Grimstone Grange* was produced before an audience containing a scattered representation of the press, some literature, and art; of course, the friends of the authors, strongly suggesting a flavour of *Punch*, were there in passive expectation. The vaudeville is of an ordinary smooth, even character, much indebted to a memory of portions of *She*



Mr. Alfred Reed as "Wrytte."

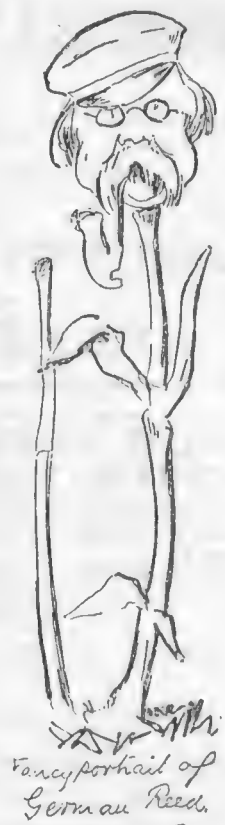
*Stoops to Conquer* and a glance at the dialogue of some old plays. The first tableau takes place in a cozy sitting-room in Grimstone Grange, and in an exceedingly well-mounted scene. Miss Edith Brandon and Mr. Corney Grain open the proceedings with a little bit of love making. Mrs. German Reed next toddles on as an ancient French lady, and commences the business of the evening with acting and accent such as this good lady is so capable of. She seems to defy time with her art, and acts with as much care and enthusiasm, at this period of our history as when, in the early freshness of her career, she made many a young girl (who has since become a mother of young girls) laugh and weep in alternate moments. The part of Mr. Alderman Tubkyns, a person who makes attempts to find a will which is secreted in the mantelpiece of one of the rooms at Grimstone Grange, is played by Mr. Alfred Bishop with his usual care and quiet humour. Mr. Alfred Reed assumes the part of the Alderman's lawyer, one Wrytte, who is traditionally all that could be desired as an object upon which to hang jokes—little jokes detrimental to the good estimation in which lawyers should be held. As the rollicking hero, who in tableau No. 2 impersonates a dreaded highwayman, popularly known as "The Golden Farmer," Mr. Corney Grain keeps the piece from flagging. This second scene, representing a broken-down coach on Deadman's Heath, is the best of the three, and affords ample opportunity for both singing and acting. The affair, of course, finishes satisfactorily, and virtue triumphs over vice. I wonder when anyone will give us an original idea in this way? It would be very simple to write a play in which vice is utterly triumphant; it would be natural at any rate. I find that I have grieved some of the good people of Stoke Newington most terribly by my remarks on their musical operations. I am truly sorry. What with cab-driving and the oppression of being suddenly thrown into a galaxy of suburban youth and beauty after a long and dreary journey, I must have let my wits go wandering. It appears beyond doubt that I have labelled a sketch Madame Antoinette Sterling, and that the lady was not at the concert at all.

I am sincerely sorry that I should so far do Miss Raines such an injustice as to find fault with her singing without dressing herself in the conventional frippery of a "subscription concert." Another sketch has got me into trouble, to judge from the letters I have received on the subject. My sketch last week of "Young



Fancy portrait of Corney Grain

Stoke Newington" is angrily claimed by many worthy young persons, who threaten me with sudden and awful vengeance. A lady writes me a bitter note, claiming it to be her "Charlie," and she wanders into an inventory of "Charlie's" good qualities. I can assure Charlie's young lady and young Stoke Newington at large that the sketch in question is not intended for a particular individual. I thoughtfully and carefully built it up, using for my bricks one



Fancy portrait of German Reed

gentleman's head, another's collar, a third's coat, and so on, down to the boots: it makes a pretty mixture. Amongst the many poems and songs that have been produced anent the calamitous fall of the 24th Regiment much trash has been produced. I had, however, some satisfaction in hearing Mr. J. C. Cowper recite some lines at a well-known theatrical club some evenings back; they are by Mr. Charles Millward, entitled "The Colours of the Twenty Fourth," and one verse impressed me, whether through



its forcible rendering by the reciter or not, I cannot say. Here it is:—

"Full slowly at first o'er the heaving tide  
Of the fighting and dying the two men ride,  
The colours between them, side by side:  
Full slowly at first, but striking deep  
Their way thro' the Zulu host they keep  
And head for the river past yonder steep.  
More quickly now, and the way more clear:  
The foemen are thinner and scattered here,  
But their swords cut yet at many a spear.  
More quickly still and the spears are past,  
The Tegula's stream is in sight at last.  
Ho! Melville and Coghill, ride fast! ride fast!"

That is all I remember of it. By the way, how very quiet Mr. Tennyson has been during these stirring times! Two wars and a Royal marriage, and never a poem from the wearer of the Royal laurels. That gift of wine, which I think was established in the time of Chaucer ought to be forfeited. Mr. Henry Irving respectfully begs to state that his theatre will be closed from April 7th to 12th, in fact, during Passion Week. "Sassietty is Sassietty," and of course "Sassietty" must be consulted in matters connected with the Lyceum.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

### NEWMARKET MEETING.

FRIDAY.

A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. Brodie's Militant (C. Archer), 1; Gordon, 2; Palestine, 3. 3 ran.  
The SELLING HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. J. F. S. Lee Barber's Stanwix (J. Marsh), 1; Flame, 2; Bailiff, 3. 5 ran.  
The UNITED SERVICE CUP.—Capt. Macchell's Arlette (Mr. Brocklehurst), 1; The Clown, 0.  
The GREAT EASTERN WELTER DRAG HUNT CUP.—Mr. H. Lowther's The Querk (Owner), 1; Mentmore, 2; Meteor, 3. 12 ran.  
The KENNET FARMERS' CUP.—Mr. E. Drake's Cretone (Mr. H. Marsh), 1; Mabel, 2; Perfume, 3. 8 ran.

### WORCESTER MEETING.

FRIDAY.

The OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. W. Good's Artificer (Mr. G. S. Lowe), 1; Taffy, 2; Sir Morgan, 3.  
The WEST MIDLAND STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. W. Wilson's Gipsy (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; St. Bees, 2; Lucy, 3. 9 ran.  
The SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE was void.  
A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. C. W. Lea's Windfall (Davis), 1; Worcester, 2; Cress, 3. 4 ran.  
The SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Cobden's Neptune (S. Hale), 1; Homeward Bound, 2; Destitution, 0. 3 ran.

The OPEN HUNTERS' SELLING RACE.—Mr. Herbert's Rocket (Mr. H. Owen), 1; Alpha, 2; Ellerton, 3. 5 ran.  
The YEOMANRY CUP.—Mr. Ingram's Merrybelle (Mr. Allington), 1; Rowena, 2; Castlehill, 0. 5 ran.  
The SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE was declared void.

### WEST SOMERSET (CREWERNE) MEETING.

FRIDAY.

The PONY FLAT RACE.—Little Annie, 1; Little Bessie, 2; Little Violet, 3. 6 ran.  
The SOMERSET OPEN HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Weathercock, 1; Master Skerratt, 2; Pinafore, 3. 6 ran.  
MATCH.—Pollux Suere D'Orge, 2 ran.  
The BLACKMOOR VALE MAIDEN STEEPLECHASE.—Emperor, 1; La Rose, 2; Policy, 0. 3 ran.  
The YEovil HURDLE RACE HANDICAP.—Limeflower, 1; Weathercock, 2; 4 ran.  
The WILTSHIRE STEEPLECHASE.—Modern School, 1; Lannier, 2. 3 ran.  
The DORSETSHIRE HUNT HURDLE RACE.—Bristol, 1; Tynemouth, 2. 3 ran.  
The SHERRORSE SELLING HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Lady Shrewsbury, 1; Little Wonder, 2; Rough Diamond, 3. 6 ran.  
The MARTOCK HURDLE RACE was declared void.

### LINCOLN MEETING.

MONDAY.

The GONE AWAY PLATE.—Mr. Frankish's Broomstick (Mr. R. Walker), 1; Puck, 2; Broomieknowe, 3. 4 ran.  
The FULL CRV STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. H. G. Skipworth's The Convict (Mr. T. Martin), 1; Skyscraper, 2; Phosphor, 3. 6 ran.  
A SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. H. Brookes' b g by Broomieclaw (Owner), 1; Gossip, 2; Highbred, 3. 6 ran.  
The ELISHAM HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. R. S. Evan's Iron Duke (R. Marsh), 1; Scrape, 2; Thirkleby, 3. 5 ran.  
A SELLING HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. T. Marris's Holstein (Owner), 1; g by Rowshan, 2; Bachelor, 3. 5 ran.  
The DODDINGTON HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. Craig's Huntingfield (Mr. H. Marsh), 1; Liris, 2; Cock Robin, 3. 6 ran.

TUESDAY.

The BATTHYANY STAKES.—Mr. Frank Davis's Bondsman (C. Wood), 1; Zononi, 2; Randal McEagh, 3. 7 ran.  
A SELLING HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Lord Rossmore's Holstein (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Reredos, 2; The Mite, 3. 8 ran.  
The TRIAL STAKES.—Duke of Westminster's Morier (A. Wood), 1; Gustavus Vasa, 2; Substitute, 3. 5 ran.  
The BROCKLESBY TRIAL PLATE.—Mr. A. Egerton's Fiddlestring (F. Archer), 1; Miriam, 2; Little Duck, 3. 8 ran.  
The SUBBROOKE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. R. Wyatt's Anonyma (Owner), 1; Lady Lovelace, 2; Auricomus, 3. 7 ran.  
The BROCKLESBY STAKES.—Mr. C. J. Lefevre's Conquete (Fordham), 1; Khabara, +; Nightcap, 3. 16 ran.  
The BLANKNEY PLATE.—Lord Zetland's Handrada (Snowden), 1; Oldbuck, 2. 2 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The YARBOROUGH PLATE.—Mr. J. R. Peyton's Zononi (Constable), 1; Bondsman, 2; Fair Wind, 3. 6 ran.  
The STONEBOW PLATE.—Mr. A. Egerton's Fiddlestring (F. Archer), 1; Don Amadeo, 2; Scrape, 3. 8 ran.  
The CASTLE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. F. Davis's Restore (F. Archer), 1; Cremation, 2; Con Cregan, 3. 11 ran.

The LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP of 1000 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each.—Lord Rosebery's Touchet, by Lord Lyon—Lady Audley, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb (Constable), 1; Mr. W. Brown's Mars, aged, 7st (Weedon), 2; Mr. Legh's Sir Joseph, 4 yrs, 8st (ear 8st 1lb) (Glover), 3. 27 ran.  
The LINCOLN CUP.—Count F. de Lagrange's Tafna (Goater), + two; Macaria, +; Haggis, 3. 6 ran.  
The LINDUM STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. W. Wilson's Goldfinder (Mr. E. P. Wilson), 1; Douglas, 2; Hainton, 3. 6 ran.  
A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Sir G. Chetwynd's The Owl (Mr. Crawshaw), 1; Liris, 2; Finvoy, 3. 5 ran.

### LIVERPOOL MEETING.

THURSDAY.

The NATIONAL HUNTERS' STAKES.—Mr. A. Egerton's Billy McDaniel (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Crumbo, 2; Arblast, 3. 6 ran.  
The PAYNE PLATE.—Mr. J. Brodie's Wanderer (C. Wood), 1; Quakeress, 2; The Trapper, 3. 3 ran.  
The MOLYNEUX STAKES.—Lord Rosebery's Illuminata (Constable), 1; Belfry, 2; Secret, 3. 9 ran.

The LIVERPOOL SPRING CUP of 500 sovs (specie), added to a handicap sweepstakes of 20 sovs each.  
Mr. R. C. Naylor's Knight of Burghley, by Knight of St. Patrick—Fancome, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb (ear 6st 7lb).....Luke 1  
Mr. E. Etches's Lancaster, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb.....Morgan 2  
Mr. W. Walker's Lochinvar, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb.....Collins 3

The SEFTON STEEPLECHASE.—Sir J. L. Kaye's Citizen (R. T. Anson), 1; Earl Marshal, 2; Chimney Sweep, 3. 6 ran.  
The LIVERPOOL HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Stackpoole's Turco (Mr. H. Beasley), 1; Palestine, 2; Prodral, 3. 12 ran.  
The NETHERTON PLATE.—Mr. H. Owen's Paramatta (F. Archer), 1; Wanderer, 2; Jet Palmer, 3. 4 ran.  
The UNION JACK STAKES.—Major Stapylton's Sans Paniel (Constable), 1; Knight of Burghley, 2; Vanquisher, 3. 7 ran.

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SUNDAY.

PRIX DU BOIS.—Mr. Edouard's Trilala (Rowell), 1; Ventriloque, 2; Castagnette, 3. 4 ran.  
PRIX DE L'EQUINOXE.—M. Camille Blanc's St. Mars (Weaver), 1; Andréa, 2; La Pitache, 3. 7 ran.  
PRIX DER GLACIS.—M. Balensi's Oisclur (Penfold), 1; Cap, 2; Nemo, 3. 6 ran.  
PRIX DU CHEMIN DE FER.—M. Blanc's Le Sphinx (Macksey), 1; Tory, 2; Triboulet, 3. 5 ran.

YORK AUGUST MEETING.—The York Cup close and name on Tuesday next. See advertisement.

SALISBURY RACES.—The Wiltshire Stakes (Handicap) and Salisbury Cup close and name on Tuesday next.

HALIFAX SPRING MEETING.—Our advertisement columns furnish full particulars of several stakes to close and name on Tuesday next.

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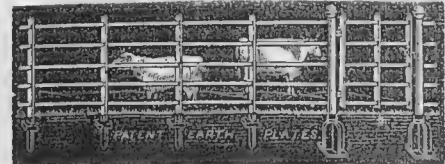
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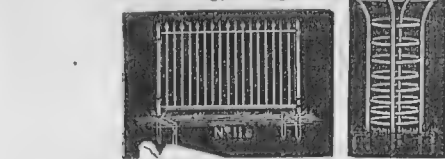
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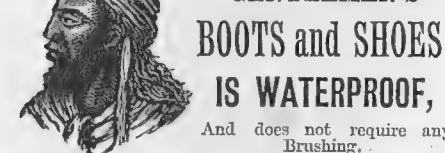
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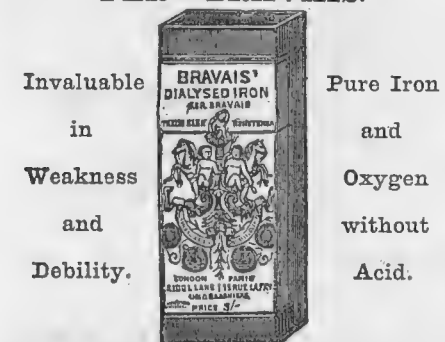
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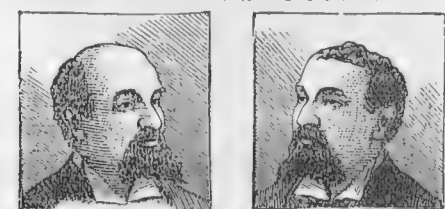


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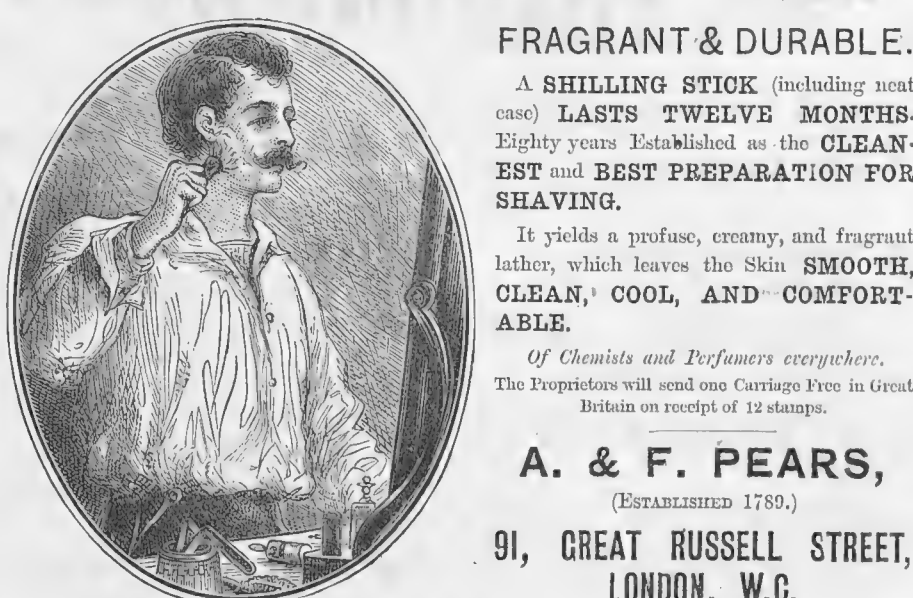
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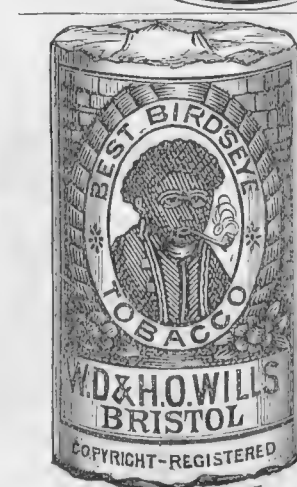
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INDIGESTION,**  
and as the safest Aperient for Delicate Constitutions,  
Ladies, Children and Infants.  
**DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.**



## THURSDAY'S SALES.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** beg to give NOTICE that their THURSDAY'S SALES will COMMENCE on APRIL 24, and be continued throughout the season. Horses having stalls taken must be sent in on the Tuesday previous by 2 o'clock, or the stalls will be filled up.

Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, March 22, 1879.

## HARBICAN REPOSITORY.

**MR. RYMILL** will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at ELEVEN o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for Professional Gentlemen, Traders, Cab Proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carls, Harness, etc.

## YORK AUGUST MEETING, 1879.

The YORK CUP, value 200 sovs by subscription of 10 sovs each, the surplus in specie, with 100 added, for three-yrs-old, 7st 7lb, four, 8st 7lb, five and upwards, 8st 10lb; m. and g. allowed 3lb; certain winners to carry extra, and maidens allowed. One mile and a half.

To close and name to Messrs. Weatherly, London; Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, London, or to the Clerk of the Course, on Tuesday, April 1st.

Mr. RICHARD JOHNSON, York, Clerk of the Course.

**SALISBURY RACES** will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, May 22nd and 23rd, 1879.

## FIRST DAY.

The WILTSHIRE STAKES (HANDICAP) of 15 sovs each, 10ft. and only 3ft. (to go to the Fund) with 100 sovs added. About two miles.

## SECOND DAY.

The SALISBURY CUP, value 200 sovs, by subscription of 10 sovs each. Straight mile.

The above stakes close and name to Messrs. Weatherly, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, or the Clerk of the Course, on the first Tuesday in April (1st).

Particulars, see Sheet Calendar No. 12.

Mr. HENRY FIGES, Clerk of the Course.

**HALIFAX SPRING MEETING**, 1879. Will take place on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, the 9th and 10th of May, being the two days immediately following Chester.

## Under the Rules of Racing.

1,350 sovs added money given to this meeting.

The following races close and name to Messrs. Weatherly, 6, Old Burlington Street, London, W.; Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 24, Conduit Street, London, W.; or Newmarket; Mr. Richard Johnson, St. Mary's, York; or Messrs. Dawson and Johnson, Clerks of the Course, Melton and York, on Tuesday, April 1st.

## FIRST DAY.

The CALDER-VALE HANDICAP of 150 sovs added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 7 sovs each, 3 ft. to the fund, for three yrs.-old and upwards; a winner of any handicap after the publication of the weights ( ) to carry 5lb, twice, or of any race value 150 sovs 10lb extra (extreme penalty); about one mile and a quarter.

The LICENSED VICTUALLERS' WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100gs, for three-yrs-old and upwards; a winner of any race after the publication of the weights ( ) to carry 10lb extra; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 3 sovs each, to go to the fund; professional jockeys 4lb extra; the lowest weight to be 9st; six furlongs.

The TRADESMEN'S HANDICAP PLATE of 100gs, for three-yrs-old and upwards; a winner of any handicap after the publication of the weights ( ) to carry 7lb, twice, or of any race value 200 sovs 12lb extra (extreme penalty); any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 3 sovs each, to go to the fund; five furlongs.

## SECOND DAY.

The HALIFAX SPRING HANDICAP PLATE of 155 sovs for three-yrs-old and upwards; a winner of any handicap after the weights are declared ( ) to carry 7lb, twice, or of the Calder-VALE Handicap the preceding day; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 3 sovs each, to go to the fund; about one and a half.

The PARK FARM HANDICAP PLATE of 100gs, for three-yrs-old and upwards; a winner of any race after the declaration of the weights ( ) to carry 7lb, twice, or of the Tradesmen's Handicap Plate the preceding day, or of any race value 150 sovs 10lb extra (extreme penalty); any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 3 sovs each, to go to the fund; three-quarters of a mile.

The BEACON WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100gs, for three-yrs-old and upwards; a winner of any race after the publication of the weights ( ) to carry 10lb extra; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; professional jockeys 4lb extra; the lowest weight to be 9st; entrance 3 sovs each, to go to the fund; seven furlongs.

## STUD.

At Moorlands, York.

**CAMBALLO**.—A limited number of mares at 20gs. Groom's fee 21. All expenses must be paid previous to the removal of mares.

Apply to Mr. Hulby.  
[The subscription to Camballo is full.]

At Finsall, Bromsgrave.

**CARDINAL YORK**, by Newminster out of Licence, by Gameboy; limited to thirty mares at 20gs each.

**PELEGRINO**, brother to Pilgrimage, by The Palmer out of Lady Audley, by Macaroni; limited to sixteen mares at 20gs each.

**PAUL JONES**, by Buccaneer out of Queen of the Gipsies, by Chanticleer, her dam, Rambling Katie, by Melbourne out of Phyrne, by Touchstone, at 15gs each. Foaling mares, 23s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week.

Apply to Stud Groom, as above.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.  
**CERULEUS** (own Brother to Blue Gown), by Beadsman, out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, at 15gs. Groom's fee included; dams of good winners at half price.

**MERRY SUNSHINE**, by Thormanby (winner of the Derby), out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), at 10gs. Groom's fee included; a few half-bred mares at half-price. Both these horses are perfectly sound in every respect. Foaling mares at 21s., and barren mares at 14s. per week; all expenses to be paid before the removal of the mares, if required.

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At Moldrop Stud Farm, Richmond, Yorkshires.  
**KING LUD** will serve a limited number of Mares at 30gs. each. All expenses paid before the mares are removed. Apply J. Trowsdale, as above.

At Beenhelm House, Reading Railway Station, and Telegrams, Aldermaston.

**KING OF THE FOREST**, at 30gs, CYNBAL, at 25gs.

The above stallions limited to thirty mares each. Barren mares at 16s. per week, foaling mares at 21s. No groom's fee. Apply to Thos. Cartwright.

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Winners and dams of winners of 200 sovs in one stake, half price.

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Groom's fee included.

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The SHARE LIST will CLOSE on THURSDAY, April 3, for London, and on Saturday, April 5, for the country.

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Manager, Secretary, and Officials (pro tem).—The Manager and Officers of the Metropolitan Bank (Limited).

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The Bank will assume the premises of the Metropolitan Bank (Limited), which have been constructed specially for banking purposes, and are unrivalled in situation and convenience. It will also assume, free of incumbrances, the current accounts and business of the Metropolitan Bank (Limited), which at the present yield a fair return. The business will, therefore continue without interruption.

Proposals for the transfer of the business of other banking establishments have been received by the directors, and if the examination of their accounts proves satisfactory, will be favourably considered, as banking statistics show that through branches the best business is obtained, and money that would otherwise be idle can thus be profitably employed.

The present directors have consented to hold office until the first general meeting, and in the meantime they will give their chief attention to the consolidation and increase of the business taken over from the Metropolitan Bank (Limited).

Special regulations have been inserted in the articles as to the duties of the auditors and the form of published accounts, with the view of affording the largest possible protection to shareholders and the public.

Taking into account the many exceptional advantages under which this bank is started, the immediate acquisition of established business, and the promises of support they have received, the directors confidently anticipate successful results.

No promotion money whatever will be paid, the preliminary expenses being limited to the necessary outlay.

The following is the only contract which has been entered into, viz., the contract for reconstruction, bearing date March 6, 1879, between the Metropolitan Bank (Limited), of the first part, and Alderman Sir Robert Walter Carden, on behalf of himself and others as founders of the Royal Exchange Bank (Limited), of the second part. This contract and the memorandum and articles of association of the company may be inspected at the Offices of the Bank.

Applications for shares should be made on the annexed form, accompanied by a deposit of £1 per share, and be forwarded to the Secretary, at the Bank, 75, Cornhill, E.C.

**FOR SALE**, the pretty modelled 5-ton cutter Yacht "Sibyl."—For particulars apply to E. B. J., Caceoch, Llanidan, near Bangor.

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**MESSRS. HARDS, VAUGHAN, and JENKINSON**, beg to NOTIFY that the ARRANGEMENTS of the SALE will be as under, commencing at 12 for 1 precisely each day:

FIRST DAY, April 1.—The LEASE and the CONTENTS of the Secondary and some of the Principal Bed-rooms, the School-room, the Study, and the Drawing-room, Oriental China and Ornamental Objects, China, Glass; part of the Furniture, and other Items in the Servants' Offices.

SECOND DAY, April 2.—The FITTINGS of the servants' Bed-rooms, and the REMAINDER of the CONTENTS of the principal Bed-chambers, the furniture in the Entrance-hall, Dining-room, and Library, Bronzes, Carvings, and Clocks, and the Remainder of the Furniture in the Domestic Offices.

THIRD DAY, April 3.—The BOOKS, Wines, Carriage Horses, and Cart ditto. Carriages, Harness, Cows, live and dead Farming Stock, outdoor effects, and the contents of the conservatory and other plants.

May be viewed by those having catalogues (price 1s. each), which may be obtained, together with the particulars and conditions of sale, of Messrs. Robins and Peters, Solicitors, 2a, Guildhall-chambers, Basinghall-street, E.C.; and of the Auctioneers, 6, Moorgate-street, E.C., and Greenwich, Kent, S.E.

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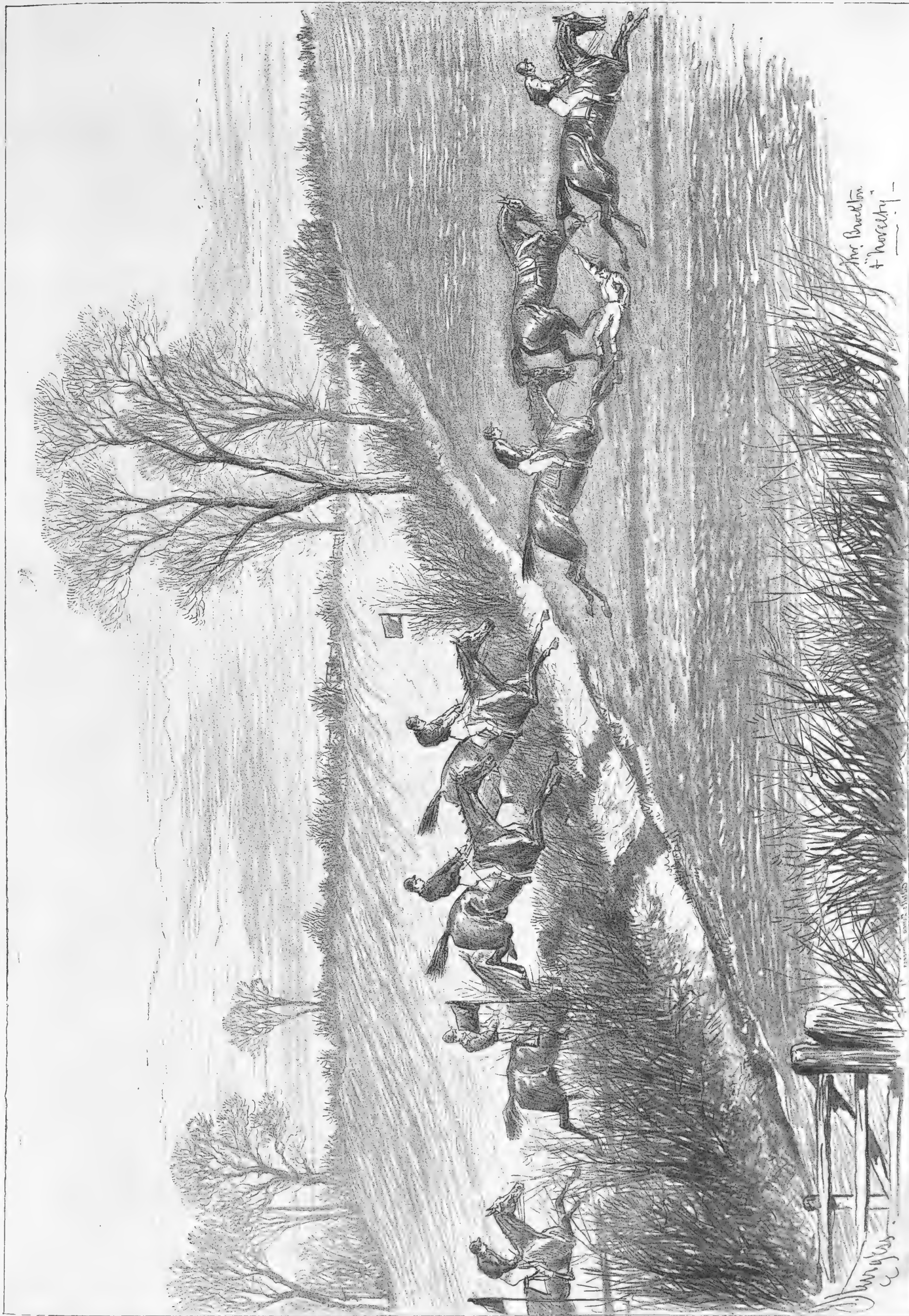
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

V.—"The Ghost Walks" is a very old theatrical phrase, meaning that salaries are being paid.

O. C. N.—1. Garrick's voice is described as of a full melodious quality and great strength. John Kemble's was less full, melodious, and strong, rendering it necessary for him to manage it carefully, and husband it for those bursts of passion to which he gave such magnificent effect. 2. Kemble gave twenty-two thousand pounds for one-sixth share in Covent Garden Theatre.

ROGER J.—The Garrick Theatre was burnt down in 1846. The Royalty Theatre in Wellclose-square was burnt down in 1826.

HENRY FRASER.—Nothing, perhaps, does so more forcibly than the words of the great French actress Mdlle. Clairon, who wrote, "I am aware of no rules, no traditions, that are capable of imparting all those qualities of mind and feeling which are indispensable to the formation of a great actor. I know no rules which can stand in the place of thought and sympathy, or those faculties which Nature alone can bestow, although time, study, and observation may strengthen and develop them."

J. W.—The word "burletta," now disused, was never, we think, properly defined, and we know that its meaning was long a bugbear to the managers of the two patent theatres, their lawyers, and to the Lord Chamberlain. It has a very important place in histrionic story.

K. A. ATKINSON.—The anecdote is told of Elliston and the Weymouth Theatre. One night, when George the Third and his Queen were to visit the theatre—Weymouth being then the king's favourite watering-place—the manager coming to the theatre early saw a gentleman asleep in one of the boxes, and on going to awaken and remonstrate with him, to his intense astonishment discovered in the intruder no less a personage than the king himself, who had entered the theatre to escape a shower of rain, and sitting down unobserved in one of the stage boxes had fallen asleep. It was nearly time to open the doors; and to awaken the sleeper Elliston went into the orchestra, where, taking up a violin, he began to play "God Save the King," whereat His Majesty with a snort awoke, and after looking about him in a dazed, bewildered way, said, "Hey, hey, what, what? Ah, I see, Elliston,—Rain came on—ran in here—took a nap. What's o'clock? Six, nearly six! Send to Her Majesty—say I'm here—stay, stay; this wig won't do. Eh, eh, don't keep the people waiting; light up—let 'em in—light up—let 'em in—ah, ah—fast asleep—play well to-night Elliston—great favourite with the queen." After the performance, when Elliston was attending the monarch to his carriage, he looked slyly at him and raising his eyebrows, said with a chuckle, "Fast asleep, eh, Elliston, fast asleep."

W. R. CRAWFORD.—Your plan of introducing hydraulic power for raising or lowering a portion of the entire stage with scenery and properties and substituting another for it is not quite new. The other to make it change its character in accordance with the change of scene and avoid the present clumsy contrivance, is, so far as we know, a novelty. The former was suggested in Paris when the new opera-house was being completed, but abandoned as impracticable. A similar plan was also tried at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris without success.

H. E. SANDERS.—The critics were by no means unanimous in their praises of Miss O'Neill, although some held her to be superior to Mrs. Siddons in the expression of intense tenderness and the softer passions.

J. P. R.—Not in 1819, if a French critic who visited London in that year may be believed. He says, "The English dancers are below mediocrity. The only good ones at the London theatres are French. English dancing is void of grace, and consists merely in feats of strength."

CARDS.

WM. QUIN, Dublin.—1. Certainly, and decidedly not. 2. Under ordinary circumstances, yes. But this would depend entirely upon the rules which are usually settled at starting. The rules of Loo are very variable in different places.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GEORGE SHUTE.—We have already stated, in reply to a correspondent, that instances of dogs speaking are not unknown. Leibnitz records the existence of a bound in Saxony that could speak distinctly thirty words.

J. HENRY.—B. Shenton probably traced the belief in ghosts,—beings which light and the ordinary conditions of vision can never render visible, simply because they are immaterial—to their true causes when he wrote, "Persons after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the delirium of fever, or a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brains as deeply impressed with chimerical representations as they could possibly have been had those representations struck their senses."

J. A.—The lines:—  
"Help us to save free conscience from the paw,  
Of hireling wolves whose Gospel is their maw"  
were written by Milton.

JASPER POWELL.—We have seen it somewhere stated that George IV. when Prince of Wales, with many of his aristocratic friends and companions, belonged to the order of Odd Fellows.

M. GINNETT.—The common soldiers did not wear hair-powder but the less expensive substitute, flour. In each of the barracks a long room was set apart where they were placed in rows and their heads were first soaped, and then covered with flour shaken over them out of a bag.

EDWARD PATORS.—A drum appears to have been used as often as a bell, by town criers at the end of the last and beginning of the present century, especially in the northern counties and in Scotland.

HIGHLANDER.—Blackwood's Magazine was started in 1817 by Mr. William Blackwood, an Edinburgh bookseller.

D.—In the last century it was common for judges on circuit to travel on horseback.

M.P.—No, it was Sydney Smith who parodied the charge Dr. Bloomfield

addressed to his clergy, in verses from which we have only space enough to extract the concluding lines:—

Hunt not, fish not, shoot not,  
Dance not, fiddle not, flute not,  
What e'er you do eschew the Whigs,  
And stay at home and mind the pigs.  
And above all it is my particular desire  
That at least once a week you dine with the Squire!

S. E. O.—The Gipsies first visited this country in the reign of Henry VIII.

R. A. S.—You must work and wait. The poor man of talent too often meets not only with the opposition and contempt of those who belong to the social class above him, but what is worse, the envy and dislike of others whom his talent has made his equals. Persevere. All these efforts to keep you down will ultimately give way to quietly persistent efforts. We are sorry that your MS. is unsuitable for our columns.

B. SAMUELS.—Malthus in 1803 calculated the average mortality through England and Wales as one in forty, and the births as one in thirty.

M. L.—It was Seneca who wrote "Virtue is the only true nobility."

L. D. (Edinboro')—The letter arrived without the lines.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—For colour and beauty the Eastern rugs cannot be surpassed, and as to the plague bugbear first started in the *Globe* by some English carpet-weaver or other interested hanker after protection, just ask yourself if those warehouses in which such large quantities of these rugs are stored—say that on Ludgate Hill—would not be speedily shut up if there was any truth in the absurd report.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

THE SELECTION OF BROOD MARES.—CONCLUSION.

BEFORE entirely taking leave of that branch of our subject embracing the consideration of make and shape in mares destined for the duties of the harem, we ought perhaps to say a few words respecting the choice and purchase of maidens, just out of the trainers' hands, or which, from whatever causes, may not as yet have been relegated to the stud. Many chances of acquiring animals of this sort present themselves in the course of a season, when drafts from racing stables come up for dispersion, when breakings down and other accidents suddenly place their victims in the market, and when exchanges take place after the decision of the numerous selling races which find places in the annual bills of fare. In the case of selling off or of accidents the breeder often has great chances of securing bargains both cheap and desirable, and he may occasionally be suited through a judicious "claim," though such transactions are of less frequent occurrence, owing to competition mainly being confined to owners of running horses. It will behove the breeder to be on the alert and to keep his eyes open for acquisitions of this kind; but the operation of course requires judgment, and he will be careful, in the first place, to fight shy of mares bearing evil reputations on the turf, whether on the score of bad temper, jadedness, roaring, or any other sort of unsoundness, because these infirmities are certain to be remembered against them when their first produce comes up for sale. Not that we should reckon all the above as decided disqualifications, but only bear them in mind as affecting the question of price, seeing that there are but few mares which take leave of the turf without some flaw in their characters. We are speaking, of course, of the middle and lower class performers; for great winners are certain to be snapped up at big prices, whenever their racing careers have terminated, and these we shall have to consider immediately when we come to consider qualifications of mares with reference to their performances, which we have hitherto put out of the question, the remarks above made having relation merely to the "conformation" of candidates for the stud.

With regard to the manner in which the "mothers of our kings to be" have acquitted themselves on the turf, we think that a vast deal too much has been made of excellence in point of racing abilities as against good blood and true shape and action. Up to a certain point the purchase of a mare of distinguished reputation and character is pretty certain to prove a remunerative investment, because her mere name will carry great weight with buyers of yearling stock; and these will come up smiling, again and again, with big bids upon their tongues, even after disappointment might be supposed to have taught them wariness and caution. Of course there is no reason why Oaks and St. Leger winners and Cup heroines should not bring forth children as good as themselves; but we fear that too many of such "bright particular stars" of the racing firmament must be written down as ignominious failures at the stud, and it is not every queen of her year on the turf that blossoms on at the stud, after the fashion of Blink Bonny. Therefore men with moderate means must needs eschew such temptations to purchase the flowers of the racing flock; nay, it is better they should wait, even if they possess the means, until the mare shows of what sort of stuff she is made in the paddock, and be content to give more money for a proved success than to speculate upon an uncertainty. Turning now to the other side of the picture, we have it constantly dinned into our ears that the most indifferent matrons (from a racing point of view) have quite eclipsed at the stud their more brilliant contemporaries of such high credit and renown as realizers of fortunes for their owners. We constantly hear such expressions as, "The dam was a real bad one," that "She could not win the price of a saddle," or that "She was one of the worst racehorses in training," and this of Belgravian mothers whose reputation rings far and wide through the land as producers of the best horses of our time, and as mines of wealth to their fortunate possessors. No doubt all these strictures were perfectly true, and it is beyond doubt that many of such despised platers have developed into the most valuable mares in the "Stud Book." But they have mostly been endowed with average good looks and good action; while it has seldom happened that any fault could be found with their pedigrees. Probably, if the truth were known, they were capable of better things than were indicated by indifferent performances and the most execrable public form. How many of the opposite sex do we find reduced to the condition of "no sex at all" by reason of temper or cowardice exhibited in their public trials; and yet it does not seem to have been considered that similar "eccentricities of genius" (for which a similar remedy does not exist) were likely to militate against the success of apparently worthless mares during the period of their training. We cannot pretend to fathom all the causes which may prevent one of the "fickle sex" (among horses as well as among mortals) from doing her best; but this much is certain, that many possess the gift of racing in private which they decline to

show in public, and we shrewdly suspect that many more will put their best foot forward neither at home nor abroad. How often do we see a mare "good looking enough for anything" doomed to knock about the country for a "flutter" now and then in selling plates, having apparently everything in her but the will to do! What wonder, then, after many vicissitudes of fortune, we frequently renew our acquaintance with her as one of the "leaders of fashion" at the head of a select stud, and throwing winner after winner to high and mighty consorts, and with no expense or trouble spared for her sake? Such things have been, and will occur again; therefore it will not do lightly to pass over the greatest reputed jade or deceiver because she has not fulfilled the promise afforded by high breeding, good shape, and general soundness of wind and limb. Merit frequently lies dormant for a generation, only to reappear in greater force than before after the lapse of time; and one of the best judges among the foreigners (no small praise where so much good judgment is shown among them) bases the claim to consideration of a mare more upon average good looks, long service upon the turf, and thorough soundness, than upon the exaggeration (so to speak) of those qualifications which go towards the making up of a more theoretically perfect animal.

But we must hasten to bring these essays to an end, now that the winter of our discontent is over, and the sportsman's thoughts are lightly turned in the direction of the practical results of breeding rather than towards its *arcana* which the dull season affords us so many opportunities attempting to unravel. Notwithstanding "bad times," we find more stallions advertised than ever, while each successive issue of the "Stud Book" bears testimony to the increasing number of mares kept for furnishing a supply to the turf of racers of all degrees, from the best of his year to the "unbracketed" crack whose fortunes are desperately and hopelessly irretrievable. Among such as cater for the requirements of training stables the "selection of brood mares" must be an all-important consideration, and as veterans die or retire from the game there must be a successor willing to occupy their positions, many of whom enter upon the pursuit more for the sake of excitement and novelty than with the intention of going thoroughly into the minutiae of their new undertaking. To such as these our words have been chiefly addressed, for we do not presume to offer advice to older hands, who are not likely to quit the *antiquas vias* for new paths and hitherto untrodden ways. If, in the course of these essays, they have picked up anything hitherto unknown or unheeded, then we shall have conferred a service on the class beyond that we intended to benefit, and shall be all the better pleased at the outcome of our labours. We have endeavoured to show our patients "what to eat and drink"—"what to avoid" is a negative and unsatisfactory function to presume to indicate, and we must decline to attempt it. No one should embark in breeding (in the hope, at least, of doing some good in his generation) without the adoption of a few broad, simple, and distinct principles to guide him in his selection of mares; otherwise he is certain to meet the fate of charlatans and adventurers in other walks of life. If we have in any way contributed towards the recognition of these principles in our necessarily limited treatises, such a reward will amply recompense us for the attempt made to illustrate the subject we have taken in hand.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

A DRAMATIC STORY

Adapted expressly for this paper.

By HOWARD PAUL.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

Paul turned to his remaining letters: four from the Countess, and three from Eugène. Zita wrote volumes, and no longer concealed her real or feigned love for Paul. "That unfortunate Gabrielle," she wrote, "has just caused her father the deepest distress. She has fled, we know not with whom." On the other hand, Eugène wrote, "Deaf to my counsels and prayers, Mdlle. Saint-Roch has left her home. But, alas! not to remain true to you! I have striven to prevent her irregularities; but she is no longer worthy of an honest man. I have been suspected of favouring her escape, and had to fight a duel with Sir Peabody. I enclose a paper with the account."

It seemed to De Najac that Eugène and Zita were not perfectly agreed, and for the first time it struck him that he might have been the victim of a double plot. But the entrance of the magistrate and the doctor interrupted his meditations, and for half an hour he had to answer questions. Yet he could only furnish them with one new fact, the surrender of his fortune into the hands of M. Noriac.

"Would you recognise the man who attempted to drown you in the Dong-Nai?" asked the lawyer.

"His voice is so deeply impressed on my mind that I should know it among a thousand."

The magistrate handed to his clerk an order to have the accused brought to the hospital, and in a few minutes Goriot appeared. He looked perfectly self-assured, for his long imprisonment had caused him to believe that they were seeking evidence against him; and were unsuccessful. Accordingly he exclaimed insolently,—

"Well? What now? I am tired of jail. If I am guilty—"

"That is the man!" interrupted Paul; "I can swear that is the man."

"Do you hear that, Goriot?" asked the magistrate.

"I'm not deaf," he answered, "but I don't understand."

"On the contrary," said the magistrate severely, "you understand perfectly. Lieutenant de Najac recognises you as the man who tried to drown him in the Dong-Nai."

"That's impossible," exclaimed the accused, "because—" A sudden reflection showed him the trap in which he had been caught. He was going to add, "Because the night was too dark to distinguish a man's features."

It would have been equivalent to a confession. Pallid with fright, Goriot stammered out,—

"The officer must be mistaken."

"Do you persist in your declaration, Lieutenant?" asked the magistrate.

"I declare upon my honour that I recognise the man's voice."

"It's hard an honest man should be accused of a crime because his voice resembles some rogue's," grumbled the culprit.



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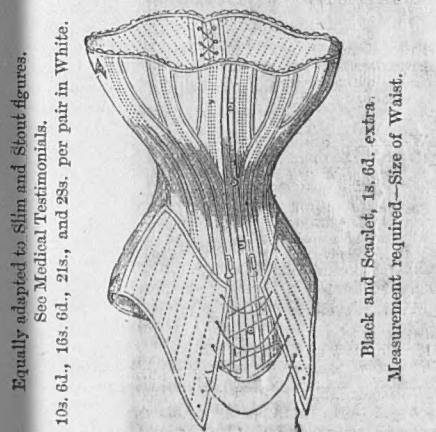
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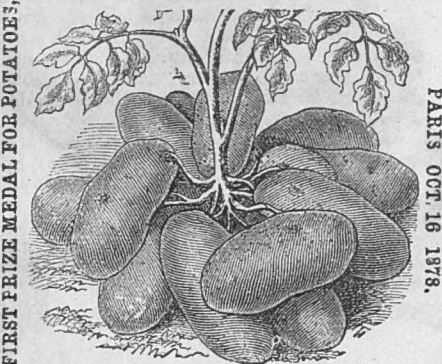


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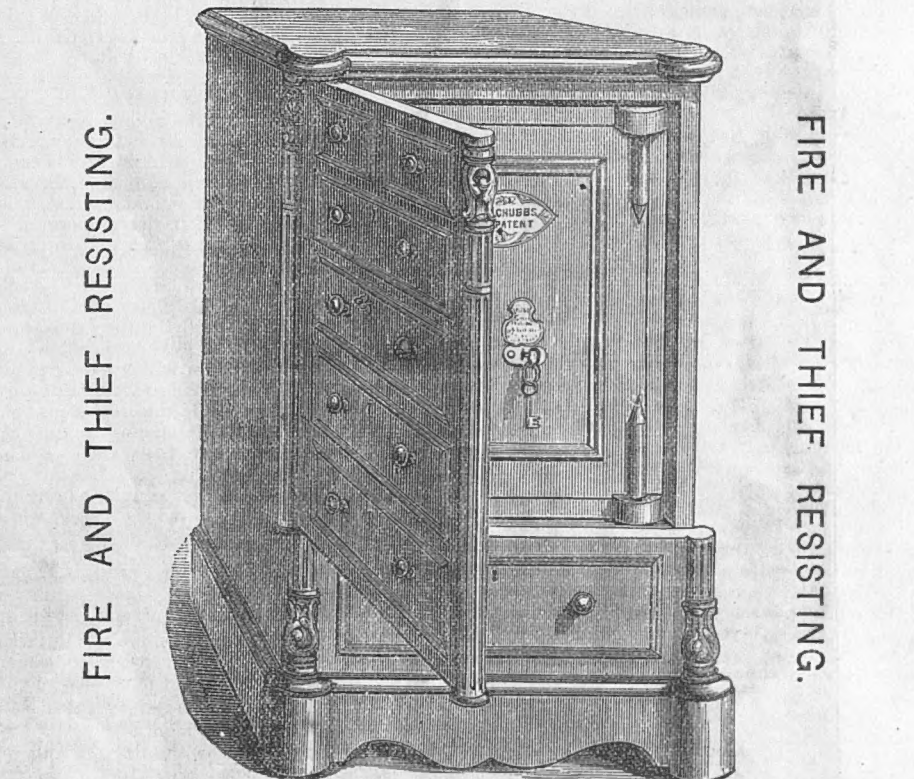
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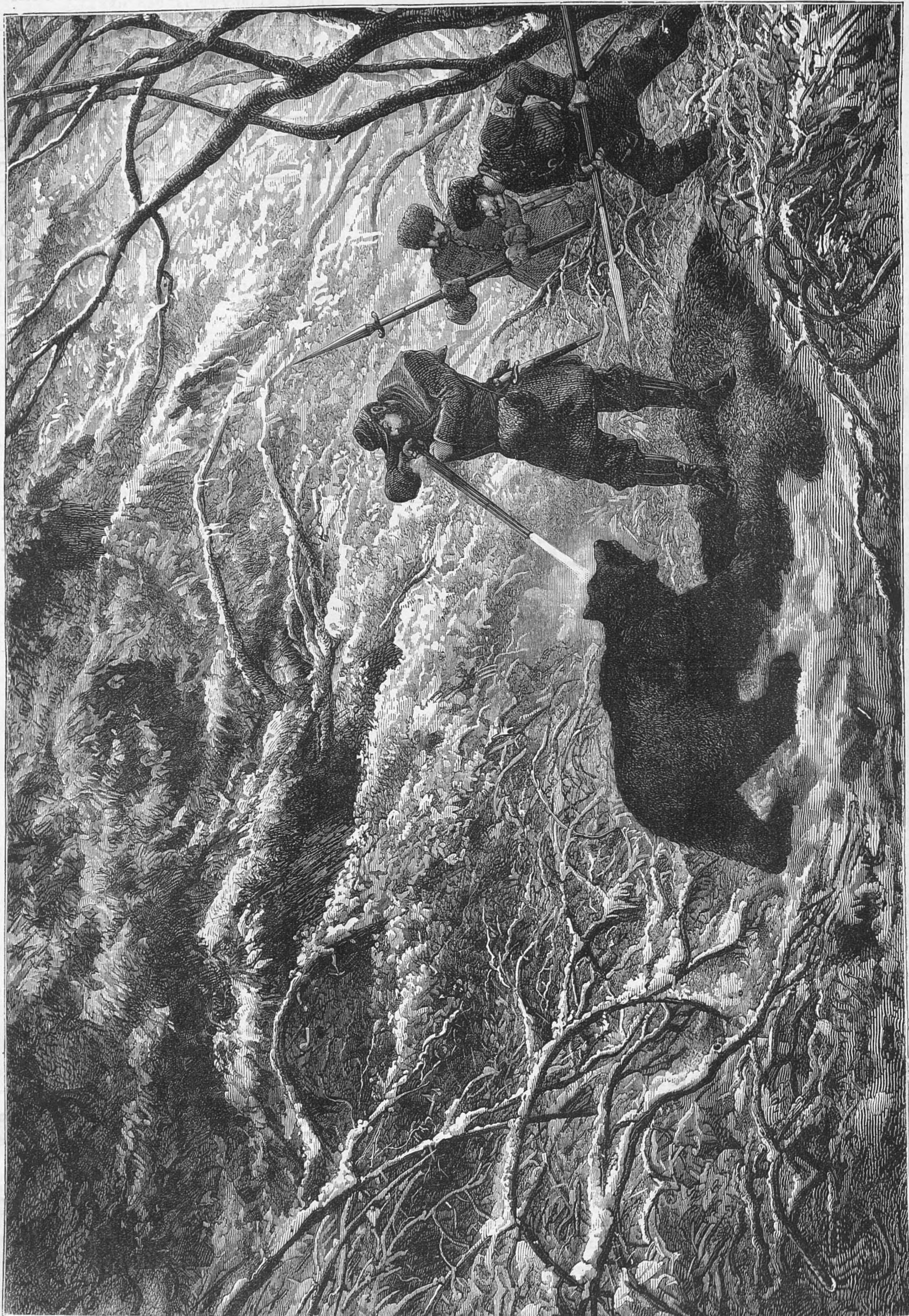
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